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MY
YOUTHFUL
COMPANIONS.

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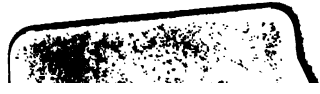

MY YOUTHFUL COMPANIONS.

LONDON:
Printed by A. SPOTTISWOODE,
New-Street-Square.

CHARLES MURPHY HAVING HIS FORTUNE TOLD.

Page 1

London, Longman & Co

MY

YOUTHFUL COMPANIONS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"MY SCHOOL-BOY DAYS."

We'll talk of sunshine, and of song,
And summer's days when we were young;
Sweet youthful days, that were as long
As twenty days are now.

WORDSWORTH.

LONDON:
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.
1846.

PREFACE.

It has given "the Philosopher" pleasure to find that his story of his "School-boy Days" has been so universally acceptable to the young. That story is read on both sides of the Atlantic; and, thus encouraged, he gladly comes before his young readers again. He hopes that these tales of his "Youthful Companions" will be equally as acceptable as those of his old school-fellows. They have a similar object in view—that of pleasing and instructing the youthful mind—and, therefore, his "long face" assumes a complacent smile of confidence that they will meet with the same favour. It is the greatest pleasure of his life to be useful to his species, and there is no section of the community which he desires to benefit so much as the young. He would fain teach them all how to act so that they may be happy both in this world and in the next. This is the great object of these volumes, and "the Philosopher"

has in contemplation yet several volumes having the same end in view. He has yet many tales to relate, of the friends and companions of his youth, for the amusement and instruction of his young readers: tales that will enliven and enlighten the mind, and that will pass

"From grave to gay, from gay to grave."

From his Study,
Oct. 22. 1846.

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MY YOUTHFUL COMPANIONS.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS. — RENEWAL OF FRIENDSHIP WITH CHARLES MURPHY AND ARTHUR SAMPSON.—A SCENE BY THE SIDE OF THE RIVER. — CHARLES MURPHY AND THE FORTUNE-TELLER. — CONVERSATION ON ANGLING. — LETTER FROM ARTHUR SAMPSON. — HIS VISITS TO MYSELF. — REPROVES CHARLES MURPHY. — ARTHUR SAMPSON'S LAST LETTER AND DEATH. — A VISIT TO HIS GRAVE.

> Many sounds were sweet,
> Most ravishing and pleasant to the ear;
> But sweeter none than voice of faithful friends —
> Sweet always, sweetest heard in loudest storm.
> Some I remember, and will ne'er forget,
> My early friends, friends of my evil day—
> Friends in my mirth; friends in my misery too. — POLLOK.

YES, I have listened with delight to the sounds of music, I have been enraptured with the varied lays of the songsters of the grove, and I have been soothed with the humming of the insect's wing by the margin of the rippling stream, but I have never yet heard any thing so sweet as that of the voice of a friend. In my youth a friend was my delight, and the remembrance of many a chosen companion is still dear to my heart. I can almost fancy I see their faces sitting round my table as I write; so fondly are they cherished in my memory.

It is proverbially said, that friendships formed at school are of an evanescent nature. Experience has taught me that this assertion is for the most part correct. Of many of my old schoolfellows I have known nothing after the last hearty shake of the hand. There is no rule, however, without an exception. Some of my companions at school became companions of my youth, and none of them were more ardent in their friendship than Charles Murphy and Arthur Sampson.

One of my first thoughts on returning to the home of my childhood, after finishing my education, was, whether I should be forgotten by Charles Murphy. "I know he loves me," said I to myself, "but then I know also that he is so light-hearted, that he may soon so far forget me as to drop my acquaintance." But Charles Murphy, though light-hearted, soon showed that he had a soul formed for lasting and sincere friendship. It was not many days before the postman brought me a letter from my old friend, which read thus: —

"My dear Philosopher,

"I really don't know how you feel, but I can assure you that I feel somewhat dull. You know that I anticipated being happy all the day long, when I had laid aside my Valpy and my Bonnycastle, my Murray and my Goldsmith; and truly, when I first reached home, I hardly knew how to contain myself. I was here, and there, and every where: just like the bees that we used to chase over the lea as they roamed from

flower to flower sucking in their honied sweets. I could scarcely eat or sleep for joy: I was like one, in fact, as my sister Sophy said, who was taking leave of his senses. But, my dear philosopher, a change is come over me. Somehow or other I begin to feel dull, and I am half inclined to think that in six months my face will vie with yours in length. But can you tell why it is that I feel dull? You will doubtless say that it is because I am idle, and you will assert that if I employ my hands my mind will surely be at ease. Now there you are wrong: philosopher as you are, you have for once shot a bow at a venture, and have in consequence missed the mark. No, no, the cause of my dulness arises from a cause wholly different from this. The truth is, dear philosopher, you yourself are the cause of this lengthening of my face. We have lived so long together that I seem to feel I can scarcely live without you. It appears to me, indeed, that my heart or my affections, or whatever it may be called, is gone on a journey in search after you. If you should meet with it, pray send it home quickly, for sister Sophy begins to complain that I look very mopish. Yet, upon second thought, I would not trouble you to send it back again. No, no, dear philosopher; you have and shall have my heart's best affection, and the object of this letter is to assure you how much, how deeply, and how sincerely I love you. It is related of Hannibal, that while a youth he swore eternal enmity to the Romans at the altar. I could not have done such a thing as this, but if

necessary I would swear eternal friendship to you. But I know you will not demand this. I know that you will believe me when I say that I love you and will love you as long as life shall last. My only fear is that you will cease to love me: that you will consider my disposition of too gossamer a nature to be admitted into the solemn presence of philosophers. Yet I will not wrong you; I know you will bear with me, and love me as you were wont to do."

Charles Murphy's letter concluded with begging me to write him a letter soon to assure him of my unaltered affection, and that it should continue unabated through life. In my reply I assured him of all this, and a correspondence was opened, and a friendship formed, for life.

Many a pleasant hour have I spent in the company of my old friend and shoolfellow Charles Murphy. It is true we have not met daily as when at school, but in the days of my youth, by mutual agreement, we sojourned a week or two together in the year: I at his residence or he at mine. There may have been a great dissimilarity in our dispositions through life; but this has never caused a rupture in our friendship. My friend Charles has often wondered at this. "I cannot think," he has frequently said, "how we agree so well together. I don't think we were originally intended thus to pair. I suppose it arises, however, from the fact that I endeavour to curb my mettle in order that you may keep pace with me."

I could never agree that it was owing to Charles Murphy's "curbing his mettle," as he was

pleased to term it, that we agreed so well together, for many a time has his buoyant spirits led him in my estimation out of the bounds of discretion, and sometimes, if I had not loved him very much, his hilarity would have led to a rupture in our friendship. Many curious scenes have taken place in which Charles has acted no subordinate part, and in some of which, in showing off his wit, he has displayed no slight degree of folly.

I remember one scene in particular in which Charles played a very conspicuous figure. It was our wont, when he visited me in the country, occasionally to "play Old Izaak Walton," as he used to phrase it; or, in other words, to go a fishing. On one occasion, as we were sitting on the margin of our favourite stream, watching the motions of our floats, we were on a sudden accosted by a wandering gipsy. We had not noticed her approach, and, hearing ourselves addressed from behind, we both instantly jumped upon our feet to see from whom the voice came. It was an old woman, dressed in a large red cloak, with a handkerchief, yellow as gold, tied round her head: her whole appearance, in fact, denoting both her race and her calling. She was a gipsy fortune-teller, and she wanted to "tell the young gentlemen their fortunes."

Whether the sibyl saw any thing in my face denoting that I was not very favourable to her calling or no, I cannot say, but certain it is she attacked me first, and endeavoured by all the arts in her power to disarm my antipathies, and to gain her point. Grasping my hand in her

own, (by which, however, I did not feel particularly flattered,) she remarked, "There are fine lines here, Sir — you will be a great man! Cross my hand with sixpence, and you shall hear all about it."

"You know nothing of the matter," I replied gravely, my face lengthening as I spoke.

"Oh! but indeed I do," replied the old woman; "you were born under a lucky star, Sir, and, by your leave, I will tell your good fortune."

"I had rather be excused hearing lies," I exclaimed, as I endeavoured to draw my hand out of hers, but she kept firm hold, and continued, —

"And besides being born to become a great man, I can tell you that you are born to be a happy man." Then lowering her voice, she added, "And I can tell you the colour of the eyes, and the colour of the hair, of one who will contribute to your happiness."

"I wish to hear nothing of the kind. You trade in lies and deception," I replied, still seeking to get my hand freed from the old woman's grasp, but still seeking to free myself in vain.

"Great pity it is, young gentleman," she continued, "that we should be blind to our own interests. Here you have an opportunity of knowing to what greatness you will arrive, and what happiness you will possess, for the small sum of sixpence, only a little piece of silver, and yet you refuse. Depend upon it, Sir, you will regret it. Many a man would have given a world of money to have been made acquainted with what was to happen in life, but you refuse

when you have the opportunity thrown in your way. I tell you again, Sir, that you are born to be a great man!"

"And I tell you again," I replied, in a tone of anger, "that you know nothing of the matter." As I said this I gave my hand a sudden jerk, and this time freed it from the vice-like grip with which it had been held, and, pleased with my deliverance, I involuntarily retreated a few paces in order to be free from like importunities.

Nothing abashed, the old woman now turned to Charles, whom she found more pliant than the philosopher. All the while she was importuning me, he had stood by shaking his sides with laughter, and when I retreated he was so convulsed with his merriment that he could not move. A grasp of the old woman's hand, however, quickly stopped his laughter, and I soon saw that some of Charles Murphy's silver would change hands.

"And you, Sir," said the old woman, who had not lost one jot of her confidence or impudence by my rebuff; "and you too, Sir, are born to no mean fortune: — just cross my hand with sixpence, and you shall know all about it."

"Shall I, philosopher?" asked Charles. "Surely there cannot be any harm in hearing one's fortune told, if it's only for the fun of the thing."

"Harm or no harm," I rejoined; "my advice is, keep your money in your pocket. Your own good sense must tell you that no human being can look into futurity."

"Oh, I know all that very well," Charles replied; "but surely there can be no harm in hearing what the old woman has to say. It will do to laugh about."

"I see, Charles," I gravely answered, "that you will be again led into error by your volatile spirits. For my own part, I think there is great harm in paying money to hear lies. If I did such a thing, I should set the lie down to my own account."

All this while the old woman never ceased to pour forth her importunities in the ears of Charles to let her tell his fortune; and, overcome by them, rather than convinced by my reasoning, Charles at length drew forth a piece of silver with the hand that was free, and, placing it in that of the old fortune-teller, exclaimed, as he looked archly towards me; "Now, old sibyl, let us hear your prophecy!"

The sum and substance of Charles Murphy's fortune was, that he was to become a naval officer, and was to be so successful in his vocation, that he would one day be known as Admiral Murphy. "But I say, my sibyl," said Charles, as the old woman ceased, "I fear you have told me a great falsehood. Do you know that I am already engaged in the law? You should have placed me on the woolsack, and then I might have believed you; as it is, I fear, as the philosopher hard by says, that you deal in lies."

"Those who live longest will see most," said the old woman, as she turned upon her heels; and, saying this, she made the best of her way in quest of another victim.

"And so you have a lie for your money, at all events, Charles," I said, as we both resumed our seats on the grass. "It is a great pity, indeed, as the old woman said, that we should not be more alive to our own interests, and not allow ourselves to be duped by the artful and designing."

"Nay," said Charles, imploringly, "don't be too hard upon me, philosopher. You cannot suppose for a moment that I thought the hag could tell me what really was to happen to me in life. I hope you will give me more credit for sense than to think thus lightly of my good sense."

"I really do not think," I replied, "that you would have put any faith in her tale, even if she had by a fortunate thought placed you on the woolsack. What I complain of is, that you should think so lightly of a lie, as to give a premium for its utterance. Believe me, this is no light matter, Charles."

Charles was evidently half ashamed of himself, but he still persisted that it was a good piece of fun, and an incident that would afford him no small merriment through life. "It adds," he remarked archly, "to the stock of stories I have to relate of my much-loved philosopher. But," he continued, with an evident desire to smooth my wrinkled brow, "a lucky thought has just struck me, and which may, perhaps, afford you food for contemplation when you are in want of a subject to reflect upon. You know it is related in the legend of Lucius Tarquinius, one of the early kings of Rome,

that there came a strange woman to him, and offered him nine books of the sibyl for a certain price. The king refused these books, and the woman went and burnt three of them, and came back and offered the six at the same price which she had asked for the nine. Tarquinius still refused to take the books, and she went away, and burnt three more, and then came back and asked still the same price for the remaining three. The king was now astonished, and he asked the augurs what he should do. They said that he had done wrong in refusing the gift of the gods, and bade him by all means to buy the books that were left. The king, therefore, bought them, and the woman who sold them was seen no more from that day forwards. As for the books, they were put into a chest of stone, and were kept under ground in the capitol, and they were considered of so much value that two men were appointed to keep them, who were called 'The two men of the Sacred books.' Now, all this you doubtless knew before; but I would throw out for your consideration whether the old sibyl who importuned Lucius Tarquinius and would not go away entirely from him till she had got his money, was of the same race as the old sibyl who would not leave us till I had displayed my folly by giving her a piece of silver."

"Really, Charles," I replied, laughing heartily at his apparent earnestness in this matter, "I do not think this thought of yours worth prosecuting."

"But I do, then," rejoined Charles, quickly,

"and if you won't consider the matter, I will. For your instruction I will notice all the points of resemblance in the characters of these two old sibyls. First of all, they were both strange women; they came from a place no one knew where, and they went also to a place equally unknown. Secondly, both were importunate: neither of them would leave their victims till their hands were crossed with silver. It is true my old sibyl did not offer me a book of prophecies, but then she offered me a verbal prediction, which, if written down, would amount to the same thing, so that this also may be voted as a third point of resemblance. But here," added Charles, after a pause, "I fear I must stop, philosopher, and I must confess I am puzzled: it is still for you to decide whether they belonged to the same race or not."

"I have no wish, Charles," I replied, "to join you in erecting castles in the air. I could soon demolish your fabric if I chose, but I perceive I have now no time. We will drop the subject of the sibyls if you please, and attend to the trout at the end of my line."

"Ay, that we will, my philosopher," rejoined Charles, as he sprang upon his feet with the landing-net in his hand; "ay, that we will: bring him near the shore, and I will land him safely on the green grass. Won't he look beautiful in the sun this fine day! There, softly, philosopher; I have him in my net, and there it now lies on dry land. Izaak Walton could not have landed a fish better: prince of anglers as he was. *What* a beautiful creature it is, philoso-

pher; it's worth throwing a line in for, and worth waiting for some five or six hours. But what a silly creature it was to be caught by the bait on your hook!"

"I have seen a sillier creature, Charles," I replied, "within the last half hour."

"Have you?" inquired Charles: "where did you see it, philosopher?"

"On the very spot on which we are now standing," I answered, "and its name was Charles Murphy. He was tricked by an old woman with his eyes open, but this poor fish little thought there was a hook within my bait, or I might have waited long enough before I had caught it. It is singular, but it is no less singular than true, that creatures of instinct oftentimes prove themselves wiser than the godlike creature man, whom God has endued with reason."

"Don't be too hard upon me, philosopher," replied Charles; "but if you are, I have not time to attend to you: I must contemplate this beautiful fish. To catch such a fish as this is sufficient to make one love the art of angling. Had old Izaak Walton been with us, I am sure he would have praised your skill in bringing it to the margin of the river. In fact, when I look at you fishing, I often think of you as a second edition of old Izaak. If I may judge from his writings I should say, that he had just such a long face as yours; and certain I am that he had just such a contemplative mind.

"He could fish, and study too;
And so, philosopher, can you.

There's a spontaneous couplet for you, philoso*pher.*"

"And yet do you know, Charles, that I am thinking of giving up angling?" I inquired.

"Giving up angling?" reiterated Charles.

"Yes," I replied, "giving up angling, Charles: the only amusement of my youth in which I have indulged to any extent."

"Giving up angling?" again repeated Charles. "You, who have expressed yourself so much in love with the art, think of giving up angling?"

"I own, Charles," I rejoined, "that I have expressed myself favourable to the art of angling, and that I do in reality love it; but I fear it is not altogether an innocent amusement, and therefore I contemplate giving it up."

"Not altogether an innocent amusement," rejoined Charles; "what can you mean, philosopher?"

"I mean, Charles," I replied, "that it is not altogether free from the charge of cruelty. Do you see this worm that I have just put on my hook?"

"I do," said Charles, "but what of that?"

"Why, Charles," I rejoined, "if you can prove to me that this worm has no feeling, then I will still continue to angle; but if you cannot, then I own that I am open to the charge of cruelty."

"But have you never thought of this before?" asked Charles; "and if so, why have you never before touched upon the subject? Why did you conceal your thoughts till you saw this beautiful fish before you? It is so beautiful, philosopher, that I should think it ought to stifle all your compunctions."

"On the *contrary*, Charles," I resumed, "it

rather increases my compunctions. Do you not see that it is in the agonies of death? Drawn rudely from its native element, it cannot live in air. Prove to me, Charles, that neither this worm nor the fish feels pain, and I will still angle."

"Why, what has come to you all in a moment?" inquired Charles. "What would Izaak Walton say of you could he hear these odd sentiments of yours? Do you think for a moment that that meek and gentle spirit would have continued devoted to the art had there been the slightest cruelty in it? But even if this worm and this fish should feel, philosopher—and I cannot prove that they do not—you must recollect that every creature was made for the use of man."

"I grant, Charles," I replied, "that the birds of the air, the beasts of the field, and the fishes of the sea are all given by a wise and beneficent Creator to his creature man, for his sustenance and service; but notwithstanding this, I am not sure that I do right in inflicting pain on any of his creatures. The lawfulness of the act in my opinion, now I have reflected upon the matter, depends upon its necessity. The question is, whether I sit by the side of this stream in order to catch a fish for my dinner, or whether I sit here simply for amusement? Now I fear I cannot say that I fish for a dinner, and therefore I also fear that I am wantonly sporting with God's creatures."

"But you know you will assist in eating that fine fellow by our sides," replied Charles, "and that is all one as though you fished for a dinner."

"Not exactly, Charles," I rejoined; "I can

have my dinner without it; and if I had wanted a trout I could have sent to old Jortin's the fisherman, and he would willingly have sold me one, and at a reasonable price."

"And so, then, it is cruelty in you and not in old Jortin to catch a trout," said Charles archly.

"It is his calling," I replied; "he rents this stream that he may fish it for the public. Necessity knows no law; but pleasure should be kept within due bounds. I have often reflected upon this subject, and have endeavoured to justify myself for indulging in this sport, from the fact that many good men in all ages of the world have solaced themselves by it: the gentle Walton, and the philosopher Paley, for instance. But I have lately thought that we must not be guided in our actions altogether even by the examples of great and good men. The mind is so constituted that it may, even in good and pious men, be led to adopt an error. But the question is not, whether these men did wrong, but whether I am doing right. Believe me, Charles, the subject has much perplexed me of late, and causes me now much uneasiness; and you must not be surprised if, on some future day when you visit me, and you ask me to go a fishing, I should repeat these significant lines in your ears:—

"Patient, on yonder bridge, in boyhood's days,
I strove with art the finny tribe to raise,—
The silvery eel, the perch, the cautious roach,
The ravenous pike, that darts at near approach,—
Till on a sultry day, excessive heat
Drove me for shelter to a neighbouring seat:
Beneath the umbrageous oak the poet read,
Who first my thoughts to this reflection led—
'Why seek thy pleasure in another's pain?'
Ne'er could I throw the artful line again,

Or view the prey, without compunction, lie,
Gasping for breath, with tedious torments die;
Nor all the eloquence of Walton's book
Could fix one tortur'd worm upon the hook: —
And thus arous'd, I first was taught to rove
For purer pleasures in the peaceful grove.'" — MORGAN.

"I see you have studied the subject deeply," continued Charles, "and I only wish for your sake that I could convince you there was no cruelty in the art of angling, for if you go on at this rate you will have no pleasures left. You neither like the pleasures of the field nor the turf, and now I plainly see you will give up angling."

"When you say, Charles," I replied, "that I shall have no pleasures left if I go on at this rate, as you are pleased to phrase it, you forget the various sources of enjoyment that man has at his command. I cannot glance my eyes toward the beautiful sky above our heads, or over the surface of the fair earth on which we tread, but I find the sensations of pleasure thrill through my heart. Then, again, I have my books and my friends to resort to for solace and enjoyment. If you think that life cannot be enjoyed without scenes of excitement, such as shooting, racing, hunting, and angling, you must indeed have formed a low estimate of man's capacity for enjoying the banquet of pleasures which God daily provides for him. For my own part, I much question whether those who look for enjoyment in these sports alone, find any pleasure in them except for the passing moment. At all events, I can speak for myself that in the more harmless sport of angling — for I hold it to be more harm-

less than racing or hunting, or any sports of that description—I have never found any solid pleasure. My mind may have been solaced while in the act of waiting for my prey, but I have rarely gone home with feelings of self-complacency; that is, I have rarely felt satisfied with myself. Indeed I am not sure that Dr. Johnson's definition of angling is not a tolerably correct one."

"And what might that be?" asked Charles: "I dare say from the bearish disposition of the man it is not very complimentary."

"You dare say correctly," I rejoined; "for it is neither more nor less than a rod with a fool at one end and a worm at the other. But granting this to be a rude definition and an emanation of an ungentle mind, I must think that much time is thrown away in this sport which might be much more profitably employed. And you know, my dear Charles, that the art of well employing time is the only art of being happy. No man can, in fact, be truly happy who sleeps away his time, or who kills time by immersing in the pleasures of this world. I have read a very pretty story which will well illustrate my meaning. The story relates that a dervise entered into the shop of a confectioner, and the master, to regale the holy man, presented him with a bowl of honey. Scarce, however, had the confectioner uncovered it when a legion of flies made a descent upon it. He took up his fan to disperse them, when such as had feasted themselves on the edge of the bowl easily escaped, but those who, more greedy, had precipitated themselves

into the middle, caught by the tenacious honey, could not take flight. The dervise fell into a deep meditation as he viewed this scene, and recovering from his reverie, he fetched a deep sigh. The confectioner, in surprise, asked the reason of his sorrow. 'This bowl,' said the dervise, 'is the world, and the flies are its inhabitants. They that lodge on the rim of it resemble prudent persons who, prescribing bounds to their desires, do not madly immerse themselves in pleasures, but rest content with tasting them. The flies that rushed into the middle of the bowl, represent such as, giving a loose to their inordinate appetites, abandon themselves without restraint to every species of enjoyment. When the angel of death, traversing with rapid motion the surface of the earth, shall shake his wings, they who have stopped on the edge of this world will, free and unencumbered, take their flight towards a celestial country; but such as are enslaved by their passions, shall have plunged themselves into the poisoned bowl of sensuality, will sink deeper still, and be precipitated into the abyss.'"

"This is a very pretty and significant story," resumed Charles, "but I think, philosopher, you may fairly conclude that you are only a fly on the edge of the bowl."

"I may flatter myself, Charles," I rejoined, "that I have yet proceeded no farther, and that I will not venture farther than the edge of the bowl; but who can tell that, if left alone, I shall not plunge headlong into its honied contents? Had the confectioner delayed using his fan for

one short minute only, it is probable that many of the flies who were enabled to escape because they had not ventured beyond the edge, would have precipitated themselves into the middle. The poet Cowper says:—

> 'With caution taste the sweet Circean cup:
> He that dips often, at last drinks it up.
> Habits are soon assum'd, but when we strive
> To strip them off, 'tis being flay'd alive.
> Call'd to the temple of impure delight,
> He that abstains, and he alone, does right.
> If a wish wander that way, call it home;
> He cannot long be safe whose wishes roam.'

I know, Charles," I continued, "that there are some men, and especially youths like ourselves, who consider that the perfection of human nature consists in the vigour and indulgence of the more boisterous passions. But tell me, have such indulgences power to satisfy the cravings of an immortal mind? You, for instance, as living in the gay society of the modern Babylon, London, are often, according to your own account, obliged to go to the theatre, and you join in the amusements with great delight; but yet you have often added that these amusements do not afford you lasting enjoyment: they please you for a time, but when you have returned home, and have shut yourself up in your chamber, you feel no happiness in reviewing your evening's pleasures. How could you? The immortal mind cannot be satisfied with any thing so airy and unsubstantial. Nothing below the skies can really and truly satisfy man."

It was not long after this conversation with Charles Murphy that I was induced to give up angling, *convinced* that, though the art may

be lawful to a Christian, there is nevertheless great cruelty attending it. I have often chid myself for putting the worm or the fly on the hook, as departing from that fine humanity which my parents at home, and my old schoolmaster, Mr. White, had inculcated; but at the same time I argued that it must be lawful, or so many good men would not have solaced their hours in angling. But, lawful or unlawful, I resolved to fish no more; and when Charles Murphy next visited me I had the pleasure of repeating the lines quoted in a previous page, in answer to his proposal to "go a-fishing." "At the same time," I added, "I would not prevent you, Charles, from going. Whenever you come to visit me this shall be liberty-hall, if I may be allowed thus to dignify my cottage: you shall go out, and come in, and do what you please. Friends should give way to each other in every thing not bordering upon vice or immorality; hearts may agree, though heads may differ."

I have intimated that Arthur Sampson was another old schoolfellow, who became one of the companions of my youth. Arthur left "Truth Hall" a year or two before Charles Murphy and myself; he being our senior, and about to enter into life. Before he left, he promised to regard both Charles and myself as his peculiar friends, whom he would never forget. His first letter to me after his departure was looked upon by me as a sign of his sincerity. It read thus:—

"My dear old Schoolfellow,

"I think I may say that no day has passed

since I left our dear old master without thinking of all under his roof, and you in particular. I seem to love you more than I thought I did. I trust, indeed, that the friendship which commenced between us at school, unlike school friendships in general, will endure through life. But, my dear old schoolfellow, friendship, to be lasting, must be cemented by religious principles: where there is no piety or virtue, there is no foundation for confidence. I mention this in order to strengthen you in those Christian principles which you have adopted, and which I trust may take deep root in your heart. Some people may contend, indeed, that there is often true friendship exhibited among the men of the world. They may be companions, but not friends. Friendship is a strong and habitual inclination in two persons to promote the good and happiness of one another. But such true friendship is rare: how often does the man who has declared to his friend that he will never forsake him, act in direct opposition to his declaration! No sooner is that friend under a cloud than he begins to look cool upon him, and to seek out some fault in his conduct or behaviour to justify a separation. But the man whose friendship is cemented by religious principles cannot act thus: if his friend is in need, he will aid him by all the means in his power: his heart, his countenance, and his purse is open to him. Let ours, then, my dear old schoolfellow, be just such a friendship as this. And tell my dear Charles, that I hope he will join us in this compact. Tell him that I love him, and that I

hope he will, for my sake, become as serious as he is witty. Tell him, especially, that I remember him in my daily prayers, and that I hope he will learn to pray for himself, and then I know he will pray for me likewise. Give my love to him, and to all my old schoolfellows, and accept it in the best sense of the word yourself.

"I am your loving friend,

"ARTHUR SAMPSON.

"P. S. It will give me great pleasure to see you again, and I trust that, though we may not meet often in life, yet that, nevertheless, we shall sometimes meet to ratify our friendship."

It has been my happy lot to meet Arthur Sampson several times in the days of my youth. Sometimes, also, Charles Murphy has been with us on these occasions, and I have been pleased to see with what delight Charles has shaken the hand of his old and pious schoolfellow. "I cannot forget you, Arthur," I have heard him say, "although our dispositions and habits are so at variance. Indeed, to tell you the truth, you and the philosopher are often in my thoughts, though far absent from each other." But though Charles paid so much deference to his pious old schoolfellow, his joyous spirits would sometimes exhibit themselves in his presence. His peculiar delight was to recount the "merry scenes," as he called them, in which we had taken our parts at school. "Oh! I love to think of those days when we were schoolboys together. And, to tell you the truth, I do not think we shall ever see happier days than they were. I have

not been engaged in the affairs of life very long, as you know, and though I have a happy knack of taking things easy, I begin to feel a little of the ills of life: such as care or anxiety. I do not think, indeed, that my brow will ever be overmuch wrinkled by the cares of business; but still I cannot say that I altogether relish the thought of experiencing them at all. Oh! they were glorious days when we were at school. I say, philosopher, do you remember the scene of riding in the air? I never was happier than I was that morning till I heard our good old master's voice. Then I felt shame, but it soon passed away, and I cannot remember that scene now without a considerable degree of pleasure. I have not, indeed, forgotten the shame I felt on being detected, and I still own that the deed was a wanton one; but all this seems light as the airy gossamer, when weighed in the balance with the joy I felt in letting Will Weston down from our bed-room window. It was a scene for Hogarth's pencil: the poor fellow was so frightened in his descent. And then, again, what a glorious scene that was, when, by the light of the moon, we caught Simon Sly stealing some of my delicious cake? How the poor fellow trembled! he was all agitation, as though he had the palsy. Nor can I forget our memorable visits to old Reuben's garden, and to the cottage of Dame Duntons. It was fine sport to strip the old dame's apple-tree of fruit and leaves, and to leave it bare as winter; and equally fine to stand under old Reuben's, while his vigorous arm brought the apples down on our heads like

a shower of hail. I shall never forget these and other scenes in which we took our parts. I have often made our office ring again with laughter in recounting them: even older heads than mine, and faces made grave by the long study of the law, have joined in the merriment."

On all these occasions, when Charles exhibited his hilarity of spirits in the presence of Arthur Sampson, our pious old schoolfellow would gravely yet pleasantly remind him that it was hardly worth while to remember the follies we had committed in childhood. "Not," he would say, "that I would have you forget the scenes of childhood altogether; but rather to remember what real enjoyments you then experienced with gratitude, and what follies you committed with a certain degree of regret. And yet I must own," continued Arthur, "that I cannot think of the play-place of my early days with indifference. As the poet Cowper justly observes,—

> The fond attachment to the well-known place,
> Whence first we started into life's long race,
> Maintains its hold with such unfailing sway,
> We feel it e'en in age and at our latest day.'

There is no one, indeed, who visits in manhood, or who thinks in after years of the spot where his careless boyhood strayed, without feeling a silent joy flow in upon his heart. Whatever may be the cares that enthral his weary spirit, let him but feel

> 'The gale upon his cheek that whispering waves
> The well-known tuft of trees, and dimples slow
> The recollected stream, thought's busy train
> Shall glance like pictur'd shadows o'er his mind:
> Each airy castle of enthusiastic youth
> Shall dawn upon his fancy, like the towers
> *That sparkle* in some forest of romance;

Each shade of circumstance that mark'd the scene
Of young existence, touch'd with fairy tints,
Sheds beauty not its own:—that life of hope
And generous expectation when the man
Was teeming in the boy, and the young mind,
Pleas'd with its own exertion, acted o'er
Each future impulse, and put forth the germs
Of native character.'

I am no misanthrope, my dear Charles, but I would wish to think rationally of all that passed in the days of childhood. I would not have my years roll back to second infancy; neither would I live again the life that haunts the memory with pleasing sensations. A child, as you must know, is all unconscious of his pleasant lot. Life was not then so sweet to you as it now appears to have been. No, no; the world of a child, like that of the man, is darkened by its own storms. He, like man, often creates his own disquietudes and fears, and as often, with the murmurs of discontent, or with bursts of idle passion, personates his future part in life—foreshadows his character as a man. We may talk of the glorious days of childhood; but, depend upon it, if we act rightly, we shall be as happy if we should ever become wrinkled with age, as when we were at our dear old master's, or as we are now in the heyday of youth. Depend upon it, my dear old schoolfellow, that our happiness or misery is chiefly dependent on ourselves. Southey has some very beautiful stanzas illustrative of the position I take. They are entitled 'The old Man's Comforts, and how he gained them;' and they read thus:—

'You are old, Father William,' the young man cried:
'The few locks which are left you are grey;
You are hale, Father William—a hearty old man:
Now tell me the reason, I pray.'

'In the days of my youth,' Father William replied,
'I remember'd that youth would fly fast,
And abus'd not my health and my vigour at first,
That I never might need them at last.'

'You are old, Father William,' the young man cried,
'And pleasures with youth pass away;
And yet you lament not the days that are gone:
Now tell me the reason, I pray.'

'In the days of my youth,' Father William replied,
'I remember'd that youth could not last;
I thought of the future, whatever I did,
That I never might grieve for the past.'

'You are old, Father William,' the young man cried,
'And life must be hast'ning away;
You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death:
Now tell me the reason, I pray.'

'I am cheerful, young man,' Father William replied;
'Let the cause thy attention engage:
In the days of my youth I remember'd my God;
And He hath not forgotten my age.'"

One pleasing trait in the character of Charles Murphy was, that he was never offended if he was reproved for levity, or if our conversation at any time assumed a more serious tone than suited his disposition. On the contrary, although he might have been exhibiting his wit and light-heartedness the moment before, he always listened with deference, and he would sometimes express his thankfulness for being, as he would call it, "sobered down a little." This was especially the case when Arthur Sampson touched upon serious or religious subjects: he listened to him as though he had been his mentor or elder brother. I believe it was this trait in our old schoolfellow's character, that united myself and Arthur Sampson with him in the bonds of that close intimacy that existed between us in the days of our youth, and which still binds myself to him as

though he were born of the same mother. "And if it does thus to you, does it not also," the reader may ask, "to the pious Arthur Sampson?" I answer, "No."

It was a beautiful summer-day the last time that Arthur Sampson, Charles Murphy, and myself met. On that day, I remember, we sat for hours together in the shady grove, indulging in reminiscences, and talking of the present and the future. I remarked that Arthur was unusually serious, and that his health was not so good as it had been; but little did I think that he would soon be taken away from his attached schoolfellows. About a month after this occasion, however, I received a letter from him, and before I opened it something told me that I should see my dear friend no more. It was addressed to me, indeed, in his own handwriting, but then it was written with such a faltering hand, that my heart smote me with misgivings. I opened it slowly, the tear ready to start in my eyes, and I read the following touching sentiments:

"My dear old Schoolfellow,

"When we last met, I did not think that it would be for the last time, although I had for some weeks felt unwell. I was willing to believe that I should recover, and that I should, on some future day, meet both you and my old friend Charles Murphy as heretofore. But that expectation is now cut short. 'The grass withereth and the flower fadeth;' and youth, as well as age, *pillow* their heads in the cold grave.

My dear friend, I am on a bed of sickness, and I have every reason to believe it will prove a bed of death. It would rejoice my heart to see you once more, but I know that the distance is great, and your employment such that it would not be convenient, and therefore I ask you not to come. But, my dear friend, it may afford you some pleasure to know that I am happy. Yes, with the grave yawning before me, I am happy! I know in whom I have believed: in me dwelleth no good thing, but I have a hope which maketh not ashamed. As you well know, my dear friend, I have long sought the 'one thing needful:' convinced that without it I could neither enjoy happiness in this world nor expect it in the next. Thank God, I have been enabled to find it: my hopes are built on the rock of ages. Oh! my dear old schoolfellow, if you would wish to be happy as I am happy, on a dying bed, 'seek the kingdom of God, and his righteousness' while yet in the bloom of health. Place all your trust in Christ. I have a good hope that you have done so, and I wish I could say as much of our mutual friend Charles Murphy. But though I cannot think that he has yet seen the necessity of an interest in the atonement, I trust that he may before he is brought to the state in which I now lie. Give my love to him, and tell him that I shall remember him in my prayers till my lips have ceased to pray; and that I trust we shall meet in heaven. Remind him often of my affection for him, and of the interest I have ever taken in his spiritual welfare. But, my dear old schoolfellow, I must hasten to close my last letter.

I had much to say, but my hand trembles and refuses to do its duty. A long and a last adieu, my dear friend: may God bless you, and may we meet in a world where there is no more separation—where God will wipe away all tears from the mourner's eyes, and where sorrow and sighing will flee away.

"Yours in the hour of death.

"ARTHUR SAMPSON."

Fast rolled the tears down my cheeks as I read this touching letter of my dear old schoolfellow, Arthur Sampson. When I had reached the end I laid it down, and hiding my face in my hands, wept bitterly. "I shall never see him more," I thought to myself, "I shall never see him more in this world. Dearly as I loved him, I shall never hear his voice again. Oh, Death! thou spoiler of the world, what havoc dost thou make among its inhabitants! How dost thou break up family circles, and the circles of friendship! How dost thou cause the tear to flow, and the heart to ache! Couldst thou not have found some useless member of society whereon to vent thy rage, rather than one so lovely, and whose bud of promise gave such rich hopes for the future?" But, checking myself, I continued, "it is the lot of man to die in the flower of his age as well as in hoary years. Yon churchyard exhibits the graves of infants of a span long as well as those of men who have attained the full stature of our race. The inscriptions on the tombs exhibit the fact, that the child of a day old is as liable to death as the man of fourscore years. And why should

I sorrow as those without hope? My dear friend has probably by this time entered the golden portals of the eternal city: let me seek him there, and be united with him again for ever!

'Be silent, oh my grief, my thoughts discern
A cup of bliss that yet for man remains:
A few short years, and Death, the tyrant stern,
Will strike the last of a long list of pains.

'Oh, then dismiss'd this earthly house of clay,
The happy soul will take an angel's flight;
Will soar to realms of everlasting day,
And greet its friends, and join them with delight.

'Methinks I see them beckon from on high,
And stand impatient to receive us there:
Ye happy tenants of the upper sky
Descend, and waft me through celestial air.'"—FARR.

As I ceased I took up my pen to write to my dear old friend, still hoping that, though I could not expect to see him more, he yet might read a line from me, expressive of the anguish I felt at his dying communication. My hope was vain: it was answered by his mother, and sealed with the sign of mourning. I wept again; and often, in my pathway through life, I have dropped a tear to his memory.

Nor have I wept alone for my dear old friend, Arthur Sampson. In accordance with his wish, I made known the sentiments he entertained towards Charles Murphy on his dying bed; and Charles, in reply to my intelligence, wrote a touching letter, in which he stated that he mingled his tears of regret with mine. And I have seen his tears flow fast at the memory of his old schoolfellow. On visiting me a few months after, as we were both at leisure for some days, he expressed a desire that we should visit Arthur Sampson's

grave. The journey was no inconsiderable one, but nevertheless the wish was in unison with my own inclinations, and I consented. "We cannot spend our time more profitably," I replied, "than in meditating over the grave of such a pious friend. It may have the effect of solemnising both our hearts, and of making us sit more loosely to the world."

I shall never forget the countenance of my friend Charles Murphy, as the old sexton of the little village of W—— pointed out Arthur Sampson's grave to our view. "There it is, gentlemen," the old man replied, in answer to our question; "there it is, gentlemen, and a fine youth he was. I never buried a finer, and, what is more than that, a better youth. It was a mortal pity he should have been taken away so young. And yet, for the matter of that, gentlemen, he did not die too soon for himself. If the soul of any one whose body I have buried is gone to heaven, it is the soul of Mr. Arthur Sampson. I could tell many a tale of his goodness; and yet I don't believe he ever thought that he did a good deed. He was, indeed, a rare youth, and I shall not, I expect, see the like of him before I go down to the grave myself."

The old man did not cease his praises of our dear old schoolfellow till he saw the tears chasing each other down the cheeks of both Charles Murphy and myself. Then checking his loquacity, he made a low bow; and, retiring to the farther end of the churchyard, left us to indulge in our sorrows, and to meditate over Arthur's grave *without* interruption. We lingered there a

full hour, neither speaking a word. As we took our departure I remarked,—"May we, my dear Charles, live as he lived, and die as he died, and then we shall meet him again in heaven!"

The heart of Charles was almost too full to speak; but he pressed my hand with emotion, and exclaimed,—"God grant that I may so live and die!"

CHAP. II.

MY COUSIN JOHN.—MY RECEPTION AT UNCLE JOHN'S.—SNOW-BALLING MOTHER MARPET'S DOOR.—MOTHER MARPET'S REVENGE.—COUSIN JOHN'S WAYWARDNESS.—REMONSTRANCE FRUITLESS.—UNCLE JOHN'S GRIEF AT HIS CONDUCT.—UNCLE JOHN'S PREDICTION CONCERNING MYSELF.—HIS DEATH, AND ITS EFFECTS UPON COUSIN JOHN.—RUPTURED FRIENDSHIP.—OUR LAST MEETING, AND THOUGHTS ON FRIENDSHIP.—CONCLUDING REMARKS.

"On his journey youth doth start,
Strong of limb and stout of heart,
And he thinketh life must be
An unbroken jubilee.
He doth find full proof of this
In the summer's frolic bliss,
And from roughest winter weather
Strong conviction he doth gather;
And the world with ample store
Of its fair false smiling lore
Doth convince him more and more.
So he singeth—'Oh that thou,
Merry life, wouldst last for ever!
Oh that strength was given me now
To enchain Time's rushing river,
Bind it fast from shore to shore,
For evermore, for evermore!'"—WESTWOOD.

AMONG the various companions of my youth, perhaps no one was dearer to me than Cousin John. Not that our dispositions were in unison, or that our pursuits harmonized; on the contrary, our dispositions were wholly dissimilar, and our pursuits were at variance; but then he was my Cousin John, and with all his faults I loved him still.

From our earliest infancy, it was the custom of the parents of myself and Cousin John to cause us to meet at least three or four times in the year;

and very pleasant days have I spent at Uncle John's. In my earliest years, indeed, no treat was looked upon by me as equal to that of a visit to his hospitable roof: "Coachy" never drove his horses fast enough as I travelled thither, although he would sometimes make them go at the top of their speed.

I fancy I see Uncle John now before me. It was his custom to sit at his ease half the day long in a great arm-chair, twirling his thumbs round each other, and talking to whoever might be in his parlour. A specimen of his good old English manners may be seen in the way he usually addressed me when I went to pay him a visit. "Well, Ned, my boy," he would say, "I am glad to see thee again. I have many nephews and nieces, but none are so welcome as thou art. Cousin John will be glad to see thee again; perhaps more glad than I am. And how long art thou going to stop, my boy? But I will not ask thee; stop as long as thou likest, and when thou returnest come back as soon as thou pleasest. Thou art always welcome to my table."

Being once again seated in Uncle John's parlour, it was not long before Cousin John and myself engaged in amusements to wile away our hours. Or, if it was summer, we would leave the presence of Uncle John in order to gambol about the lawn free from all care of offending the gravity of age. But though I used to enter into any games proposed or adopted with great delight, yet I was myself generally under the restraint of Cousin John. I dared not do as I pleased altogegether, lest I should offend him. The fact is,

cousin John being an only son, was a spoiled boy, and whether in the presence of his parents, or out of it, he would have his own way. At school, and by many of my youthful companions, I was looked up to as a species of mentor; but with Cousin John I was obliged to take a subordinate part. He must play at what he pleased, when he pleased, and how long he pleased; I was but a cipher. At this, however, I never complained: "it is not worth while," I sometimes thought, "to contradict him, it will only cause both him and myself unhappiness." I recollect on one occasion Charles Murphy was visiting me at the same time as Cousin John, and I shall never forget the look of curiosity with which he eyed myself and cousin as the latter was playing off his hectorship upon me; it seemed to him quite a wonder that "a philosopher" should succumb to a self-willed boy. He took the first opportunity, indeed, of drawing me aside to express his surprise that I should submit so readily to one whom he was pleased to say was so far inferior to myself.

"All this may be true, my dear Charles," I replied, "and I may do wrong in always giving way to Cousin John. At the same time, let me assure you that my compliance with his wishes has been a source of mutual happiness. Often should we have quarrelled, had I been in the habit of contradicting him, or of urging my wishes in contradiction to his own. There is an anecdote which relates that two gentlemen were riding together, one of whom, who was very choleric, happened to be on a very high-mettled horse. The horse

grew a little troublesome, at which the rider became very angry, and whipped and spurred him with great fury. The horse, almost as wrong-headed as his master, returned his treatment with kicking and plunging. The companion, concerned for the danger, and ashamed at the folly of his friend, said to him, coolly, 'Be quiet, and show yourself the wiser creature of the two.' Depend upon it, Charles, it is our wisdom to give way to our companions and friends, otherwise we might continually be in trouble. By contradicting Cousin John I should soon lash him into fury. I have seen others do this, and I am careful to avoid making him sin. Besides, I sometimes think that, by my uniformly giving way to him, he will one day be convinced that he should sometimes give way to me. But howsoever this may be, I am sure that nothing would be gained by contradicting him. No, no; I should not have been friends with Cousin John so long, and we should not have loved each other so well, if I had not submitted to his will."

"All this may be very well," rejoined Charles; "but I do not see why a superior in sense should give way to an inferior."

"Hush, Charles," I replied hastily, "if you do see such a scene before you now, it will not be the last your eyes will witness as you pass through life. It is not sense or intellect that makes the man in the estimation of the world, but money."

But although I usually submitted to Cousin John, it was only in that which was lawful and proper. He was of a frolicsome nature, and had I listened to him he would have often drawn me

into mischief. Generally speaking, however, I had the courage to contradict him when he proposed any game that was not of a legitimate nature, and on these occasions he had the good sense not to be offended. But on one occasion Cousin John succeeded in drawing me into "a scrape," as boys phrase an error. He was visiting at my parents' in the depth of the winter when the snow lay knee-deep on the ground, and in the course of the evening, it being moonlight, we strayed from the snug fireside to have a ramble in the open air. Near my parents' house lived an old lady, not well beloved by her neighbours for her mischief-making, and of whose character Cousin John was aware. "Old Mother Marpet is not at home, I think," he observed, as he came near to her door. "I can see no light either up stairs or down. What a good piece of fun it would be to cover her door over with snow!"

Cousin John had no sooner conceived the idea than he brought forth mischief. Pat, pat, pat, went the snow-balls against the panels of her door in quick succession, and still as he threw them he gave me an invitation to join him in his work. The scene was so exciting, that without giving myself a moment's reflection, I commenced making up the balls, and in a little time I was as active at the work as Cousin John himself. "That's right, Ned," he observed, as he saw me fairly at work; "the old woman won't know her own door when she returns home. Is it not glorious sport? And how it makes the hands glow! Mine feel as though they were in the fire rather than in snow."

It was not long before Mother Marpet's door was covered from top to bottom with snow, while the key-hole was completely stopped up. Unfortunately for us, however, the old dame was not out as Cousin John had supposed. All the while we were at work she had been watching us from an up-stairs window, whither it afterwards appeared it was her wont to stand summer and winter an hour or two in the evening to see what was going forward in the village. Tired with our voluntary labour, Cousin John and I paused to rest, and Mother Marpet, imagining we had done all the mischief we could, suddenly threw open the window, and exclaimed, "I have been watching you, young gentlemen; I know you; you shall hear of this again."

We could hear no more of the dame's harangue from the window, for on hearing it thrown open we both started off at the top of our speed. But it was not long before we were compelled to stand before her tribunal. We had re-entered my parents' parlour, and were looking over the plates of an illustrated edition of the Pilgrim's Progress, a favourite companion of my early years, when all of a sudden a loud knocking was heard at the door. My heart misgave me on hearing it, for I fully anticipated that it was Mother Marpet, and no sooner was the door open, than my worst fears were realized. She raised such a storm in the passage as I had never heard before, and, without waiting to be announced, she threw open the door of the parlour, and holding up her right hand in a threatening attitude, vowed vengeance on us for our mischievous trick. It was some

time before my parents could understand what we had been doing, and when at length her passion allowed her to explain, they questioned her veracity: we had not been from the fireside many minutes, and they thought we could not have acted so wantonly.

Mother Marpet, however, was only the more enraged at this: "it was those young rogues and no one else."

"Well, my boy," interrogated my father, "was it you or not? I charge you to tell me the truth."

I confessed that we had committed the act; and, for myself, expressed sorrow for the deed: I would never do it again. My parents also gave both Cousin John and myself a lecture on the crime, and I was forthwith to be sent to bed. They expressed themselves, moreover, very sorry that a son of theirs should annoy a neighbour in any way, and thanked Mother Marpet for taking the trouble of coming out in the snow to tell them. But though "a soft answer" usually "turns away wrath," nothing which they could say could appease the old dame. She knew that I was held in high repute among my neighbours, and was much noticed by them, and therefore she would have her revenge on me — she would show them all that *I* could do in the way of mischief. It was not Cousin John who appeared to have been in fault; the whole blame was to fall upon myself, although he was certainly the greater culprit of the two.

I confess I felt lowered in my own estimation when I *found* that the snow-balled door was to

become an exhibition to my neighbours. I could scarcely sleep all the night, and as for the morning, I dreaded its appearance. Morning, however, came, and no sooner had sufficient light dawned from the skies, than I crept out of bed to see what mischief we had committed. Mother Marpet was, notwithstanding, up before me. Her house was in such a position that I could see it from the bed-room window, and I had no sooner glanced my eyes toward it than I descried her standing at the window, muffled up in an old red cloak, and watching for neighbours to whom she might relate the adventure. I could not help shedding a tear at the thought of being thus disgraced, and bitterly reproached myself for having yielded to Cousin John's solicitation. I was wiping my tears away when Cousin John awoke, and seeing me thus in trouble asked what it was about?

"Have you forgotten last night?" I inquired.

"No that I have not," he rejoined, "and I don't think I shall forget it for many a long year. It was such a glorious bit of fun. You are never shedding a tear for that, sure?"

"Think of the disgrace it will bring upon me," I replied; "just step out of bed, and you will see Mother Marpet watching for neighbours to whom she may relate our mischievous deed."

"Is she though?" asked Cousin John, as he hastily joined me. "Let us watch her a little while, and see who she meets with. It will be almost as good a piece of fun as snow-balling her door."

It was not long before some of our villagers

passed Mother Marpet's house, and it was certainly amusing to see with what earnestness she related her tale; and I was convinced that I was the burden of it, as she every now and then pointed towards my parents' house. As this was early in the morning, I congratulated myself that it was only peasantry whom she met with, and as I watched them it appeared evident that they were pleased with the circumstance. With that class, indeed, Mother Marpet was no friend, and had her door been battered down with snowballs, it would have given many of them pleasure. I was aware, indeed, that the old dame would not find much sympathy with any of her neighbours, whether rich or poor; but, at the same time, I was quite convinced that the deed would not raise me in the estimation of the educated and right-thinking. Fortunately, however, I had not much cause for fear. It was a beautiful clear morning, and as I watched Mother Marpet's house, I perceived that its rays, which fell directly upon her door, were fast melting away the proofs of my guilt. "She won't meet with many neighbours now to relate her tale to," I observed to Cousin John; "don't you see how fast the sun is melting the snow on her door? I wish it would shine as warm as on a summer's day, and then she would have to tell her tale without proof."

"Melting, or not melting," Cousin John replied, "I can only say that I should like to snow-ball it again. And to tell you the truth, cousin, it would give me great pleasure to have a shy at

her old red cloak, and if you will join me I will go and do it now."

"No, no," I replied; "that won't do: let that snow melt off her door, and depend upon it I will never transgress against Mother Marpet again. It will not do; you see how venomous she is. Why, since we have taken our eyes off her house she has even thrown her door wide open, that the sun might not melt away the snow."

The old dame had, indeed, perceived that she should be disappointed of making my crime known to the whole village, and especially to the respectable part of the community, and therefore she had come down from her window, and had not only thrown open her door, but had placed herself in the entrance of the door-way in order to guard it from the sun's rays. But by the time she had discovered the mischief the sun was doing, it had become too late: the process of melting could not be stopped, and in a little time the door was again closed, showing as green a front to the villagers as before. "There is no harm done now," said Cousin John, as he saw the door closed: "we have neither injured the old dame's door, nor has she had an opportunity of injuring your character. I cannot think what you were in such trouble about. To speak plainly, that is nothing to what I have done in my lifetime. I like a good piece of fun, and depend upon it, if I could get any one to join me, I would bespatter her door again to-night; and perhaps I might make a mistake, and throw one or two at her windows. If I did

break a square or two of glass, they might soon be mended: it would make good for trade."

I have no doubt that Cousin John would willingly have joined any one in snow-balling Mother Marpet's windows and doors; but I made him no reply, and began to think seriously of what I had been doing. I have committed an error, I thought, and I have been anxious that no one around me should know it. Yet all the while there has been an eye — that of an omniscient God — watching over me, even while I was in the act of committing the error, of whose displeasure I have been regardless. I hastily left the presence of my Cousin John, and shutting myself up in a place by myself, wept the tear of repentance.

This incident made me more guarded in giving way to the wishes of Cousin John, and I do not recollect that he ever succeeded in drawing me into an error again. As we grew up, indeed, I would often remonstrate with him when he showed an inclination to do that which was wrong. But in this I never once succeeded. My old friend, Charles Murphy, would frequently be guided by my advice, but Cousin John would never listen to me for a moment. And this was no wonder: if he owned not the control of a parent, he could not be expected to pay regard to the voice of a youthful companion. I do not intend, however, to represent Cousin John as habitually disobedient to his father: on the contrary, I believe he sincerely loved him, and in general strove to please him; but then if he set *his heart* on any thing it was no use for

his parent to contradict him: he must be indulged in his wishes. This finally led to serious evils. The older Cousin John grew, the more self-willed he became. Evil companions, also, led him farther astray than he would have gone of his own accord: he had money, spirit, and wit, and the youth possessed of these is sure to be sought after by the artful and designing.

It was with great pain that I saw Cousin John thus going astray, and on one or two occasions when he was visiting my parents I ventured to set before him the consequences of his error. The only fruits, however, which my remonstrances produced, was his estrangement from me. For the last two or three years of our acquaintance, although he would hold out the right hand of fellowship when we met, yet he was evidently anxious to be out of my company. Some excuse or other was soon found for his going out when I went on a visit to Uncle John's, and very frequently I had retired to rest before he returned. His coldness occasioned me great uneasiness, but I still hoped that he would renew his friendship, and that he would see the evil of and amend his ways. As for Uncle John, the anguish he felt at the waywardness of "his poor boy," as he used to call him, was sometimes heart-rending. Often have I watched the big, round, rolling tears fall down his aged cheeks, as he deplored his conduct. "But I have been the cause of it all," he would sometimes say: "I love him dearly but not wisely, for I have given way to him when I should have controlled him."

The error in giving way to Cousin John's

self-will became more manifest every day. His wayward conduct, indeed, eventually became the all-absorbing theme of Uncle John. Let who would visit him, he was sure to pour his tale of woe into their ears. To myself he would often observe as I sat by his side,—"Ah, Ned! thou hast lost thy companion now: thy cousin loves wilder heads than thine. It used to give me pleasure to see thee at play together, but that pleasure is past. I fear my poor boy is lost now. He cares nothing for his old afflicted father: he has scarcely risen from his bed when he goes out, and it is quite uncertain whether I shall see him again during the day. Oh! I wish he would follow thy example, Ned! then I should not have to mourn over him." Sometimes Uncle John, in the height of his distress, would talk of disinheriting his poor boy:—"I will cut him off with a shilling, Ned: he shall have no pleasures, after I am gone down to the grave, with my money. It will be a charity to him to leave him penniless, for if he has money he will be ruined, soul and body."

Some cousins in the world would have taken advantage of Uncle John's bitter moments against his poor boy, and would have endeavoured to have prejudiced his mind against his "poor boy;" but it has been a source of consolation to me that I invariably sought to allay his resentment. I was the more careful to do this because I loved my cousin with all his faults, and because I saw that there were those about Uncle John who would have been glad for their own interest's sake if he had cut his "poor boy" off with a

shilling. I remember on one occasion when he was pouring forth his tale of woe in my ears, mixed with sentiments of resentment for his "poor boy's" ingratitude, that a scene occurred worthy the touch of an artist.

Uncle John was a tall, stout man, with a face as rubicund as the man's who spends his days in the healthful exercises of the field. Pain was, indeed, his constant attendant, and very frequently he could not without great difficulty, rise from his great arm-chair; but notwithstanding all this, his frame did not suffer any diminution. On the other hand, at the time to which I allude, I was but a youth of about thirteen years of age, and of a very diminutive stature. I was, in fact, but a dwarf compared with Uncle John, and many men would have thought me almost beneath their notice. But not so thought Uncle John. As before related, he would frequently pour into my ears his tale of woe; and having done so on the occasion alluded to, I ventured to condole with him in strains that would seem to indicate that I was the master and he my scholar. As I proceeded, Uncle John wiped the big tears from off his face, and seized hold of the stick which always stood by the side of the chair, and when I ceased he raised himself from his seat with more alacrity than ever I had seen him rise up from it before, and exclaimed with a stentorian voice,—"Thou wilt be a great man, Ned!"

The sum and substance of my condolence was to the effect that Cousin John was young and thoughtless, and that it was probable as he grew older he would grow wiser. The reasoning was

natural; but it is not always that the wild youth becomes the sober man. Many people, indeed, argue that when the "wild oats are sown," all will be well. Unfortunately, however, some people are a long time before they have sown all their wild oats. "The child is father to the man:" what a youth is, that most likely the man will be. At all events, this proved to be the case with my Cousin John: he has not sown his wild oats yet, although the grey hairs begin to cover his forehead. But of Cousin John, dearly as I loved him, I now know but little; our friendship is severed, and this stream of earthly joy is cut off. Slightly altering a sentiment of the poet Coleridge,—

> "We stand aloof, the scars remaining
> Like cliffs which have been rent asunder."

I had once hoped that Cousin John would forget his coldness towards me, and would become an altered character. This was at the time of Uncle John's death. His heart then seemed softened, and many were the tears of regret that flowed down his cheeks for his past conduct. He expressed, also, contrition for having slighted me, and expressed his thankfulness that I had advocated his cause with his deceased parent. He should never forget me for it, he said, or cease to regard me for my disinterestedness. But for me, Uncle John might have cut him off "with a shilling," while now he was in possession of all he had to bequeath. I have no doubt but Cousin John was sincere in these sentiments; but he little knew the plague *of his* own heart. Sorrow had

touched it, but not true repentance. Affection for his deceased parent also might have had its effect upon him, for I have no doubt that he had affection for him, although he had so long, and so often disregarded his voice. But then Cousin John was associated with companions whom he could not shake off, and who would not desert him so long as he was possessed of wealth.

It has been well said by one of the ancient sages, that we ought to keep such company as would never make us blush. Happy had it been for Cousin John if he had acted upon this advice. It was not many months after the death of his aged and anxious parent that I was walking in the streets of London, when I casually met him with one of his choice companions. Presuming upon his affection, and relying on his recent professions of renewed friendship, I seized his hand with eagerness, and expressed myself delighted at once more meeting one of the dearest friends of my early years. These professions, however, were evidently forgotten. There was no warmth in his shake of the hand if there was in mine: it chilled my heart. I looked at him intently, and soon perceived that there was considerable embarrassment in his countenance, and a desire to bid me adieu. Still I resolved not to take notice of it, and was determined to let him see that though his friendship was changed mine was not. I still held his hand firmly in mine, and recurred to old times when we used to meet as relations and friends, and ventured to express a hope that he would one day pay me a visit as I was now settled in

life. No answer was returned by Cousin John, and his restlessness still increased; he was evidently uneasy at something, but at what I was ignorant. I had not, however, to remain in ignorance long. It was one of Cousin John's boon companions with him, and he expressed a desire, as old friends had thus accidentally met, to adjourn to an adjoining tavern, where old friendships might be renewed, "according to the ancient and good old English custom," over the convivial glass. Cousin John's face blushed crimson as he spoke, while mine lengthened in point of gravity to twice its usual dimensions. I saw into what company I had fallen, and hesitated for a moment whether I should bid my Cousin John adieu without saying another word, or whether I should administer reproof to them both. At length, I thought it might be the last time I might have an opportunity of doing him good, and therefore I resolved to reprove them, without at the same time giving offence. "I am obliged to your friend, Cousin John," I remarked, "for the invitation he has given me; but you know it is not my custom to spend my hours at the tavern. Friendship does not consist in drinking one another's health, or in convivial mirth. I grant that the maxims and the practices of the world are in favour of your friend's views; but, my dear Cousin, we should not be swayed by the usages of the multitude. The mere companion, indeed, is not a friend. A conformity of taste for pleasures may exist without any thing like true friendship. Nay, the table companion who, while he holds his glass,

seems to glow with such cordial friendship, may even, after all, if trusted with your secrets, deceive and ruin you. This has happened in many circles from time immemorial, and if you should experience such treatment, you may perhaps complain that you have been betrayed by a friend. Others have done so before you; but know this, Cousin John, if ever you should thus be betrayed, it will not be by a true friend, but only by a man that has frequently ate and drank with you, and joined in the same diversions. No; friendship does not depend upon the appetite or the passions. If any form an intimacy merely for what they can gain by it, this is not friendship: it must be free from any such selfish view, and only design mutual benefit as each may require. The ancients had an excellent emblem whereby they used to express a true and sincere friendship. They pictured it in the shape of a young man, very fair, bareheaded, and but meanly dressed. On the outside of his garment was written *vivere et mori*, 'to live and to die,' and on his forehead *æstate et hyeme*, 'in summer and winter.' His breast was so open that his heart might be seen, and with his finger he pointed to his heart, where was written *prope longe*, 'far and near.' Now, any person of common sense may easily perceive how well this emblematical figure points out the real nature of friendship. It must exist in the inmost recesses of the heart to be sincere. And such a friendship, Cousin John, is that which I formed for you in early life, and such a friendship for you I still entertain, although you choose companions

rather than friends, although you prefer strangers to your own kindred. It is painful to me to see you in the company of those who seek your friendship for their own gain. The first necessary property in friendship is, that it should be wholly disinterested.

'The man that hails you Tom or Jack,
And proves by thumps upon your back,
How he esteems your merit;
Is such a friend that one had need,
Be very much his friend indeed
To pardon or to bear it.'" — COWPER.

"Why, Jack," said my Cousin's companion, as I ceased, with an air of ineffable scorn, "who have you got here? Some Methodist parson or another, I dare say!" It was evident that I should have had no small degree of abuse heaped on my head had not my Cousin John, blushing still deeper than before, wished me "good morning," and led him away. As they paced down the street, arm in arm, I watched my Cousin with anxious gaze, and the memory of the past rushed into my mind. I thought of those days when we used to meet in guileless friendship, happy in each other's company. "But he is lost to me now," I said to myself; "the applauses of boisterous and hollow-hearted companions suit his taste better than the plain-speaking of sincere friendship. I fear, indeed, that Uncle John's money will prove his ruin. Had he been compelled to work for his bread he might have been virtuous, and being virtuous he would have been happy. It has been well said, that

'When vice and virtue shall woo
'Tis hard to say which way 'twill go.'" — WITHERS.

Whatever hopes I might have entertained of Cousin John's reformation, they have now vanished. Vice has evidently triumphed: may he see his error before it is too late!

It is now many years ago since I thus met with Cousin John; but I have occasionally heard of him, and he is still the same gay and thoughtless being as he was. Time flies unheeded by him, and unless his career is arrested by an Unseen Power, I fear the silver hairs of old age will fall over his brow before he thinks of the notable fact—that earth is not the rest of man. Then it may be too late for reflection!

"When in the sweet and pleasant month of May
We see both leaves and blossoms on the tree,
And view the meadows in their best array,
We hopeful are a joyful spring to see:
Yet oft before the following night be past
It chanceth that a vapour or a frost
Doth all those forward blossoms wholly waste,
And then their sweetness and their beauty's lost.
Such is the state of every mortal wight;
In youth our glories and our lusts we shew,
We fill ourselves with ev'ry vain delight,
And will not think on that which may ensue.
But let us learn to heed as well as know,
That spring doth pass; that summer steals away;
And that the flower which makes the fairest shew,
Ere many weeks must wither and decay."—WITHER.

CHAP. III.

A LETTER FROM MY OLD FRIEND GERVASE. — RELATES THE DEATH OF MY COMPANION WILLIAM GERVASE. — WILLIAM'S CHARACTER. — CAUTION NECESSARY IN MAKING FRIENDS. — COWPER'S REMARKS ON A PUBLIC EDUCATION. — WILLIAM GERVASE, AN EXAMPLE OF ITS FAILURE IN PRODUCING HIGH MORAL CHARACTER. — A CHANGE AT LEE COTTAGE. — ALLUSION TO THE CIRCUMSTANCES WHICH LED TO THE DEATH OF WILLIAM GERVASE. — MY OLD FRIEND GERVASE AS HE NOW IS.

"Leaves have their time to fall;
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath;
And stars to set; but all —
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

"Day is for mortal care;
Eve for glad tidings round the joyous hearth;
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer;
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth.

"The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine;
There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power,
A time for softer tears, — but all are thine.

"Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee, — but thou art not of those
That wait the ripen'd bloom to seize their prey.

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath;
And stars to set; but all —
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!" — HEMANS.

"AND so the sun-like face of my old friend Gervase has at length a dark cloud passing over it. I have seen him smile at the caprices of fortune; I have seen him laugh at the shafts of malice aimed at his heart; yet, after all, he is not proof against sorrow. But who would not grieve for the loss of a son, of an only son, albeit, that

son had been ungrateful? My heart partakes of his sorrows."

It was thus that I communed with myself on laying down this letter, which was sent me by my aged and highly esteemed friend, Gervase:

"My dear Friend,

"I rose this morning with the lark, and I believe I was as gay and as happy as that heaven-soaring bird! But, ah! how altered are my feelings now: a letter brought by this post has cast me into the furnace of affliction. The handwriting of the superscription was that of a stranger to me, and as I opened it I wondered from whom it came. I wondered the more, because the post-mark was foreign. Oh! I would that the letter had never reached me, for it brought the only intelligence that in this life could have rendered me unhappy. It relates the death of your old companion, William, my only son. My heart bleeds for his loss. He has been suddenly cut off in the prime of youth; and, what is most painful to my feelings, in carrying out plans which were adverse to my wishes. I had given him such an education as would have fitted him for any honourable situation at home; but, no; England was not large enough for him to roam about in—he must have a wider field; that of the world. And now, my dear friend, he lies in the cold and narrow grave: he is buried in the land of strangers. If you have any regard for an old man, come over and condole with me: you may soothe the anguish of, though you can never heal the wounds made by this event in my

heart. It will bring down my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.

"Your affectionate, but sorrowing friend,

"H. GERVASE."

I lost no time in visiting my dear old friend, and I endeavoured to pour the balm of consolation into his wounded heart; but his sorrows were such as time only could alleviate, and such as even time could not obliterate. Many a time, indeed, has my old friend, since the day that I received this letter, shed tears in my presence for the loss of his beloved son, William. And his deepest pang is still derived from the remembrance that he was an ungrateful son. "Had he but died in the path of duty," he one day observed to me, "I believe I could have been happy; I believe I could have smiled even through my tears; but the remembrance of his death, under such circumstances as he died, cuts me to the heart. I seem to have no room for joy left in that heart which was once all joy: grief fills it in every part. And yet I know that I should not sorrow as those without hope. But it is hard to practise what I know. My dear friend, I am not the philosopher you once thought me. I own I could smile at the loss of more than half my substance; but that was a very different thing to the loss of a beloved and only son: Diogenes himself could not have borne up against this; he must have wept as I weep, and have mourned as I mourn."

My old friend Gervase came to reside near my parents shortly after I left school. He had

long been a merchant, and he came to live a life of retirement in the country: casting anxiety, as he said, to the winds. He was of a very cheerful disposition, and nothing seemed to disturb his equanimity of temper. It was a perfect pleasure to visit Lee Cottage, where he resided: he was every thing that could be wished as a host and as a friend. To me the pleasure was greater, because his son William was about my own age, and because he was a very cheerful and intelligent companion. I never had a more agreeable friend in my youth, indeed, than William Gervase. His education was of a superior order, and he had improved his mind greatly by reading. Touch upon any subject I pleased, or quote whatever author I might, William Gervase was at home with me. As for recitation, renowned as I had been at Mr. White's school in this particular, I believe William was my equal, if he did not in reality eclipse me. This endeared him to my heart. At the same time I felt that I could not make William Gervase a bosom companion. There was something about him which I could not exactly understand, and where the true character of a companion is not clearly seen, it is better to stand somewhat aloof from him: that is, it is better not to trust him as a friend. No, no, my young readers; though by taking particular notice of the eyes and gestures we may, in a short time, distinguish the disposition of a person, if he be not on his guard, yet as many put on a disguise when an acquaintance is formed, it is not easy to discover whether a man is fit for a friend or not. To find out this, we

must for a considerable time inquire into the motives, the sentiments, and the temper: we must see the person at all times, and in different situations, before we trust him as a friend: in such a manner did I look into the character of William Gervase, and the more I looked, though I discerned great talents, and in many instances his pursuits were congenial to my own tastes; yet the more I found something that told me, I must not make him one of my choicest companions. I saw particularly that his mind was unsettled; and a wandering disposition can scarcely be sincere in the important matter of friendship. It is true that a likeness of inclination in every particular is not absolutely necessary to true friendship, for some of the firmest friendships have been contracted between persons of different humours. It is essential, however, that there should be love and esteem: if either of these is wanting, friendship must be imperfect. On the one hand, we are soon ashamed of loving a man whom we cannot esteem; and, on the other, though we may admire a person's abilities, yet we can never be an intimate friend with him unless we love his person.

> "Can gold gain friendship? impudence of hope,
> As well mere man an angel might beget:
> Love, and love only, is the loan for love;
> All like the purchase, few the price will pay,
> And this makes men such miracles below."—YOUNG.

I, however, would have loved William Gervase heartily if I could; but when I have felt inclined to love him as a friend, there was invariably something seen in his conduct which

checked the risings of that holy
remember, one day in particular,
rambling abroad in such perfect h
had shown so much good sense in
and so much right feeling on the t
cussed, that I thought I must give
among my choicest companions—t
love him as a friend. We had no soo
home, however, than I saw that h
obedient to his parents; and he who
obedient to parents can never be a tru

The poet Cowper, in his "Tirocin
Review of Schools," makes the followi
remarks on the practice of a public e
a practice which is still in use.

"Would you your son should be a sot or dunce,
Lascivious, headstrong, or all these at once;
That in good time the stripling's finish'd taste
For loose expense and fashionable waste
Should prove your ruin and his own at last,
Train him in public with a mob of boys,
Childish in mischief only and in noise,
Else of a mannish growth, and five in ten
In infidelity and lewdness, men.
There shall he learn, ere sixteen winters old,
That authors are most useful pawn'd or sold:
That pedantry is all that schools impart,
But taverns teach the knowledge of the heart.
* * * *
Schools, unless discipline were doubly strong,
Detain their adolescent charge too long;
The management of tyroes of eighteen
Is difficult; their punishment obscene.
The stout tall captain, whose superior size
The minor heroes view with envious eyes,
Becomes their pattern, upon whom they fix
Their whole attention, and ape all his tricks.
His pride, that scorns to obey or to submit,
With them is courage; his effrontery wit.
His wild excursions, window-breaking feats,
Robbery of gardens, quarrels in the streets,
His hair-breadth 'scapes, and all his daring schemes,
Transport them, and are made their favourite themes.
In little bosoms such achievements strike
A kindred spark: they burn to do the like.

Thus half accomplish'd ere he yet begin
To show the peeping down upon his chin:
And as maturity of years comes on
Make just the' adept that you design'd your son;
To' ensure the perseverance of his course,
And give your monstrous project all its force,
Send him to college. If he there be tam'd,
Or in one article of vice reclaim'd,
Where no regard of ord'nances is shown,
Or look'd for now, the fault must be his own.
Some sneaking virtue lurks in him, no doubt,
Where neither strumpets' charms, nor drinking bout
Nor gamboling practices, can find it out.
Such youths of spirit, and that spirit too,
Ye nurseries of our boys, we owe to you:
Though from ourselves the mischief more proceeds,
For public schools, 'tis public folly feeds."

This picture may be overwrought, and its high colouring may have arisen from the wrongs which the sensitive author endured when located in a public school; but it is nevertheless certain, that the moral character of youth is frequently by no means improved by the system of education as pursued in England. It may produce scholars, but it fails in producing right-minded men. William Gervase is an example of this. Early in boyhood his father had sent him to one of the best public schools; that is, one of the most noted in imparting a sound education as regards languages, &c., which he could find. But, like all public schools, in that to which William was sent, there was a deficiency of moral training. Boys learned of boys in the play-ground, and it is well known what boys generally teach each other: any thing that is wrong and mischievous. He had at all events learned to be headstrong. "William was a very good and obedient boy," said Mr. Gervase one day to me after his son had shown symptoms of disobedience, "till he went to school; but he now

likes to be his own master: he is impatient of restraint. He is improved as regards learning and education; but his moral conduct, I fear, has not been bettered by instruction." Mr. Gervase did not see, however, that this was partly his own fault. Nothing is more necessary in the formation of the youthful mind than family government. It is better than all the education and instruction which all the schools in all the world can give. "Example hath a louder tongue than precept," and whose example is equal to that of a parent? Now, William Gervase, as before mentioned, was sent to school in his earliest boyhood, which is the very time that family government is needed for the formation of character. It should begin immediately as reason begins to dawn, that so a deep impression may be made on the mind, and this impression should be kept alive in after years by the constant exercise of a parent's authority. But William Gervase had been sent to school at this critical point of his life, and what wonder is it then that he was impatient of restraint. If little or no restraint had ever been exercised upon him at home when young, could it be expected that at the age when youth generally wish to be their own masters, he would willingly submit to any authority—even that of a parent's? A colt, if not duly broken in, will prove an unmanageable horse. Doubtless, my old friend Gervase thought, like most parents, that the best way of making a man of his son was to send him to a public school; but whether that is the best way or no demands a doubt. Mr. Gervase thought likewise

that this was the only way in which his son William could receive a sound education. He spared no expense, he said to me one day, in his son's education, because if by any unforeseen circumstance he should be deprived of his wealth, then William would be able at least to provide for himself in comfort and respectability. When he made this observation, he little thought that such an unforeseen circumstance would ever occur. Yet so it happened. On visiting Lee Cottage one day, my old friend met me with his usual smile, though there was an air of thoughtfulness about him which I had never seen before. I wondered at the change, for my old friend's face was invariably free from care, but I did not have to wonder long. I was soon informed that I should not find him located in Lee Cottage many months longer, and upon enquiring "why?" I was told that by speculation his circumstances were so reduced that he should no longer be able to afford to keep up his present establishment. "But for myself," continued Mr. Gervase, "this gives me no deep anxiety. My brow may assume an air of thoughtfulness, but my heart has never been so set on my money, that I could not part with it without being, as some people would be, miserable. Besides, I have known what it is to be poor before: I was poor before I was rich, and I ought not to murmur if I am become poor again. It may, moreover, have been my own fault; but if it is, I cannot now recall the act which led to the consequences. What I did was done for the best, and if it has not succeeded it is not my fault. All that is left for me now

to do is to 'cut my coat according to my cloth;' that is, to shape my course according to my circumstances. I am sorry for William, but then he has a good education, and if he would but fall in with my views, I have no doubt he may live, if not as respectable as he has hitherto lived, yet with great comfort. But unfortunately William will not fall in with my views. His desire is to try his fortune in India: it is a wider field for him, he says, than is England. He seems, indeed, resolute in the matter, and unless you, my friend, who possess some influence over his mind, can prevail upon him to forego his intentions, I fear that I shall be deprived of my son as well as of my wealth. For the latter I care but little: I can retire to some smaller cottage where I am persuaded I shall live with as much comfort on the wreck of my fortune, as I have done in my present residence with all my wealth."

I promised my old friend Gervase that I would endeavour to divert his son from his purpose, but I found him proof against all argument: he would leave the parents who had shown such tender anxiety for him, and seek his fortune in the Indies: there was gold there if not in England. It was in vain that I urged the duty which he owed to his parents,—that he should do nothing without their consent,—and that if they refused their blessing on his exertions he would not prosper: he would not remain in England to be laughed at by his old companions: he must seek his fortune in India.

A few weeks found William Gervase on his

route to the land of gold, and his parents in a small but neat cottage. It was a pleasure to me occasionally to call upon my old friend in his humble dwelling, for though he was reduced in circumstances his spirits remained as unbroken as ever. His dame and he, he has frequently observed, were still happy, and they were never more happy, he was pleased to say, than when I called upon them. It gave them pleasure that I, as some others had done, had not cast them off. They would have done me injustice had they supposed for one moment that any alteration in their circumstances could have estranged my heart *from* or rendered me indifferent *to* them. In the language of the honest old poet Wither:—

> "I have no friends, that once affected were,
> But to my heart they sit this day as near
> As when I most endear'd them, though they seem
> To fall from my opinion or esteem:
> For precious time in idle would be spent,
> If I with all should always compliment;
> And till my love I may to purpose show,
> I care not whe'er they think I love or no;
> For sure I am if any find me chang'd
> Their greatness, not their meanness, me estrang'd."

No, no; my old friend Gervase has never had to complain that I slighted him because he lacked the gold he once possessed. His cheerfulness and cordiality are to me worth all the gold some twenty merchants might possess. One feature in his character, it is true, frequently gives me pain,—namely, that although he is aged, although "the keepers of the house tremble," and "he rises up at the voice of the bird," although "the grasshopper has become a burden to him," yet he too frequently forgets

that one grand fact in the life of man, that "the spirit shall return unto God who gave it." Still my old friend Gervase does not altogether forget that he is mortal: he knows that he shall die, and he sometimes talks of his approaching end with calmness, but I fear he does not "prepare to meet his God." He goes to church, and he has family prayers, but for all that he still lives to the world. I was in hopes that the event which caused him so much pain—the loss of his only son, would have weaned his heart from earth, but it is an acknowledged fact that the longer a man lives in the world, the more loth he is to leave it.

> "The tree of deepest root is found
> Least willing still to leave the ground;
> 'Twas therefore said by ancient sages
> That love of life increas'd with years,
> So much, that in our latter stages,
> When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
> The greatest love of life appears."

My old friend Gervase is not, indeed, a man who sets his heart upon the world; but then he is content to live in it, and does not show any anxiety to prepare for the day when he shall be called out of it. His little cottage is all he wants in this world, and he is anxious to remain in it as long as possible. Possibly his rare spirits may have the effect of causing him to live thus contentedly, without thoughts of the future, for though he is bordering upon four-score, yet is he light-hearted as the young man of twenty. It is refreshing to see him thus happy at his years, and especially as the sudden and melancholy death of his son caused him to anticipate a life of continued sorrow. My old

friend still deplores the loss of his son, and descants with fond affection on his memory; but the smile again plays upon his countenance, as in former years. It may not be so radiant as it once was, but it still shadows forth a happy and contented mind. Time is a great mitigator of the ills of life: but for this my old friend Gervase would have gone down to his grave in sorrow and in tears. There are few parents who could have sustained the loss of a beloved, though disobedient son with such fortitude as he has done; and my advice to all my young readers is, that they should avoid the conduct of William Gervase. The good child is a stork to his parents, and feeds them in their old age: he has a tender regard for their happiness: pays a cheerful attention to their advice; and shows a willing obedience to their commands.

CHAP. IV.

AN EMBLEM. — FRANK GODDARD. — HIS CHARACTER. — OBTAINS A GOVERNMENT SITUATION. — HIS FATHER'S PARTING ADVICE AND WARNING. — HIS FIRST VISIT TO HIS PARENTS. — HIS SECOND VISIT. — A SCENE ON THE LAWN. — CONVERSATION ON THE LOVE OF NATURE IN THE HUMAN BREAST. — REMARKS ON THE GRATITUDE DUE FROM MAN TO GOD. — THE DEATH OF MR. GODDARD. — FRANK GODDARD BECOMES AN INFIDEL. — CONVERSATION ON THE SOUL. — THE RESULTS OF HIS INFIDEL VIEWS.

"My hopeful friends, at thrice five years and three,
Without a guide into the world alone
To seek my fortune did adventure me;
And many hazards I alighted on.
First England's greatest rendezvous I sought,
Where vice and virtue at the highest sit;
And thither both a mind and body brought,
For neither of their services unfit.
Both woo'd my youth, and both persuaded so,
That like the young man in our emblem here,
I stood and cried, 'Ah, which way shall I go?'
To me so pleasing both their offers were.
Vice, pleasure's best contentment promis'd me,
And what the wanton flesh desires to have:
Quoth Virtue, 'I will wisdom give to thee'
And those brave things which noblest minds do crave.'—
'Serve me,' said Vice, 'and thou shalt soon acquire
All those achievements which my service brings,'
'Serve me,' said Virtue, 'and I'll raise thee higher,
Than vices can, and teach thee better things.'
Whilst thus they strove to gain me I espied
Grim Death attending Vice, and that her face
Was but a painted wizard, which did hide
The foul'st deformity that ever was."—WITHER.

THE engraving for this emblem is a youth standing between Virtue and Vice, each of which is endeavouring to secure him for their own. The idea is one of a universal application: Vice on the one hand endeavours to allure, and Virtue on the other, to charm every youth born into

the world: it would be well if every one, li the young man in the emblem, saw the grim a tendant on Vice, for then they would use tl concluding prayer in the emblem: —

> "Lord, grant me grace for evermore to view
> Her ugliness; and that I, viewing it,
> Her falsehoods and allurements may eschew,
> And on fair Virtue my affection set,—
> Her beauties contemplate, her love embrnce,
> And by her safe direction run my race."

It is too frequently the case, however, that Vice so successfully hides her deformities that youth embraces her allurements, and sets at nought all the charms of Virtue. Many instances have I known of this proneness to err among my youthful companions, but perhaps no one affords a more remarkable instance than Frank Goddard.

Frank Goddard was the son of a gentleman, who resided in the village where my parents resided, and with whom they were on the most intimate terms. Frank was about the same age as myself, and was the youngest of several children. His parents were religious, and endeavoured to bring up their children in the paths of religion and virtue. It was their piety that bound them so close in intimacy with my parents, who was ever careful as to the company they kept. As was natural, the intimacy of my parents with the Goddards led to the intimacy of their children. With Frank I was intimate from my earliest childhood: we played with the rattle together in infancy, and as we grew up joined in every game suitable to our advancing years. Our companionship was the more close

because our parents were equally engaged in training us up in the paths of religion and virtue. As I grew up, indeed, I fancied that I should have in Frank Goddard a companion for life, whose views, and tastes, and habits, would in every respect assimilate to my own. In my earliest years, indeed, Frank and I never differed on any subject. We played together in harmony; we conversed together in harmony. Of the two, he seemed to have profited more by the teaching and the example of his parents than I had by mine. At that period, in fact, I never heard a sentiment fall from his lips that I could not have adopted as my own. "Whatever companion you give up," my parents used to say, "do not give up your friend Frank Goddard. He will be an ornament to society, and his conduct will serve to stimulate you in the ways of righteousness."

Such was Frank Goddard; but, oh! how soon he became changed. This picture which Solomon has drawn of the desperate simplicity of youth is by no means an imaginary one, for it has its counterpart in all ages of the world, and among all nations.

"At the window of my house
I looked through my casement,
And beheld among the simple ones,
I discerned among the youths,
A young man void of understanding,
Passing through the street near her corner;
And he went the way to her house,
In the twilight, in the evening,
In the black and dark night:
And behold there met him a woman
With the attire of an harlot.
* * * * *
So she caught him, and kissed him,
And with an impudent face said unto him,

I have peace offerings with me;
This day have I paid my vows.
Therefore came I forth to meet thee,
Diligently to seek thy face, and I have found thee.
I have decked my bed with coverings of tapestry,
With carved works, with fine linen of Egypt.
I have perfumed my bed
With myrrh, aloes, and cinnamon.
Come, let us take our fill of love until the morning:
Let us solace ourselves with loves.
For the goodman is not at home,
He is gone a long journey:
He hath taken a bag of money with him,
And will come home at the day appointed.
With her much fair speech she caused him to yield,
With the flattering of her lips she forced him.
He goeth after her straightway
As an ox goeth to the slaughter,
Or as a fool to the correction of the stocks;
Till a dart strike through his liver;
As a bird hasteth to the snare,
And knoweth not that it is for his life. — *Prov.* vii. 6—23.

Although Frank Goddard's father was a man possessed of considerable property, yet having a large family, some of his sons were obliged to engage in some profession or another for a livelihood. When Frank was about sixteen years of age, his father was enabled, by interest, to obtain for him a lucrative situation in one of the Government offices. I well remember the time Frank was about to depart for the modern Babylon. On the day before, all his old companions were invited to spend the day with him, and I was one of the number. It was one of the happiest days of my life; although it was marked with the sorrow of parting with an old friend. Old Mr. Goddard, I recollect, was more than usually thoughtful on that day. He was evidently anxious not only for his son's temporal, but also his spiritual welfare. His anxiety was shown in his address to his son Frank immediately after the dinner cloth was removed.

"Well, Frank, my boy," he remarked, "this is the last dinner we shall have together for some time. You will now soon be away from your anxious parents. For although I trust we have trained you up in the way wherein you should go, I must still say that I am very anxious for you. London is a gay place, and unless you are constantly on your guard, depend upon it you will be soon led astray. The harlot with her painted face, will waylay you at every turn, and the man of pleasure will seek to lead you into all the fashionable vices of the age. I would entreat you to be watchful, and daily to pray for grace to resist all the temptations by which you will be surrounded. Do not yield once, for if you do all is lost. The path of moral turpitude is downward: he who takes one step is morally sure of taking many. There is no knowing, in fact, to what yielding once may lead. You may be induced to argue, for instance, on receiving an invitation to go to the theatre, that there can be no harm in going once, and in yielding to the temptation, you may resolve never to go again; but it is pretty certain that if you yield but once in this matter, you will become a play-goer. Once step your foot on the edge of a precipice, and you will very likely be precipitated into the gulf over which it hangs. No, no; my dear Frank, do not yield once. Act always in the spirit of a consistent Christian: act as though the eye of God was always watching you. If you do this you will not err; but if you lose sight of your character as a Christian, you will easily become a prey to the arts of the designing."

Frank Goddard assured his father that he would attend to his admonition and counsel; adding, that he need not be under any apprehension as to his going astray. "I hope," said he, "that my principles are not of a character that will so easily be overcome." But the fact is, one of the traits in Frank Goddard's character was an overweening confidence in his own integrity. He prided himself on his high moral and religious principles, and could not think that he would ever act otherwise than the way in which he had acted under the immediate eye of his parents. But he little knew the plague of his own heart.

It was not long before I discovered that a change was taking place in the character of my old companion Frank Goddard. It was his usual custom to spend three or four weeks with his parents in the summer, when I had an opportunity of seeing him. The very first time he returned, I saw that he was not the unsophisticated youth he once was. He exhibited a fondness for dress, and he seemed to take a pleasure in displaying gold rings on his fingers. All this might, indeed, be harmless in itself, but I felt convinced that there were other evils lurking behind them, although they had not yet manifested themselves. On his first visit, however, Frank's manners did not appear to have undergone much change. He seemed to delight as of old in my company, and was willing to enter into conversation on religious topics. His parents, indeed, seemed well pleased with his behaviour on this occasion, for old Mr. Goddard remarked to me

that he was pleased to see Frank had not
any of his piety. I was pleased also, but
feared that his gay appearance indicated a chan
of heart.

"A heavenly mind
May be indifferent to her house of clay;
But how a body so fantastic, trim,
And quaint, in its deportment and attire,
Can lodge a heavenly mind, demands a doubt." — COWPE

Frank Goddard's second visit to his pare
unfolded the change which was taking place
his character more fully than the first. I w
walking one fine evening down the beautiful la
leading to his father's residence, musing on t
wonders of creation, when, on coming near
beheld Frank walking on the lawn with one
his sisters. I had not heard of his arrival, b
pleased to see him I hastened forward to gi
him the hearty welcome of an old compani
There was not that warmth in Frank's shake
the hand as in former years, but taking no not
of it, I asked how long he had arrived?

"I came three days ago," said Frank laco
cally.

"Three days ago!" I reiterated; "three da
ago! and not let me know that you were he
I must say, Frank, I take this very unkind
you."

Frank blushed and said nothing; but his s
ter remarked that she had chid him for
delinquency, and had urged him either to co
to me, or send for me. She added, "I can
think why he acted thus, unless he wished
enjoy as much of our company at home as p
sible during his holiday."

"It may be so, Margaret," I rejoined; "and if it is so, I will not chide him; he could not have been in better or more congenial company. We ought to love our own relations before strangers."

"Do not call yourself a stranger," continued Margaret; "one who has been as a brother from his earliest infancy, as you have been to Frank, ought not to be considered a stranger. For my own part, I think there is no excuse for him, and so I have told him."

I saw that Frank was more and more embarrassed as we proceeded; and therefore, dropping this subject, I remarked that the evening was a very lovely one, and took occasion to make a few observations on the goodness of God to his creatures in spreading before them such scenes as those by which we were surrounded.

Frank was silent; but Margaret responded to my sentiments with a warmth which showed that her heart was duly impressed with the goodness of the Creator, after which she excused herself for a short time, as she had some duties to attend to within doors.

I was not sorry to be left alone once again with my old friend Frank, inasmuch as I thought I might be able to discover the present state of his mind. I felt convinced that he was a changed character, and was anxious to discover how far his views coincided with my own. To this end, I continued the subject of God's goodness to his creatures. "His goodness is the more wonderful," I remarked, "because we generally are ungrateful for it. Yon lark, now almost beyond the reach

of sight, pours forth its grateful notes for this evening's glories, but how few of us utter one note of praise and gratitude."

I paused, but Frank was still silent.

"And this ingratitude, my dear Frank," I continued, taking no notice of his silence, "is the more remarkable, because we know of and acknowledge God's goodness with the lips. We know from whom all mercies come, and that we can only receive them from him, and yet we are too proud, or too thoughtless, to be grateful."

Again I paused, but Frank was still silent.

"It was the custom of the Jews of old," I continued, "to give God thanks for every good thing which they enjoyed, saw, or heard of. Thus, if they smelt a rose, they would say, 'Blessed be God who made that flower;' and if they ate bread, 'Blessed be He that appointed bread to strengthen man.' I own that it is our custom daily to thank God for the food which we eat, but we can pace even through this grove of flowers, if I may so express it, without once ever thinking of blessing the hand that made them for our use and comfort."

I paused a third time, but Frank Goddard was still silent. We walked by each other's side for some few minutes without speaking, and at length our embarrassment was relieved by the approach of old Mr. Goddard, who expressed himself glad to see me with his Frank again: nothing could give him greater pleasure. "And what," he asked, "were you talking about? Old times, I suppose?"

"Why," I replied, "I can hardly say that we

have been talking about any thing. I have been making a few remarks on the gratitude we owe to God for his goodness in surrounding us with pleasure to delight the senses and exhilarate the heart; but my old friend, Frank, has not responded to my sentiments. I suppose he has of late been so accustomed to view houses instead of groves, and flowers, and trees, that he has become insensible to their charms. And yet, if the poet Cowper is right in his estimation of human nature, the very citizen of London, whose chief occupation is amassing riches, delights in catching a glimpse of the country. He says: —

> 'Suburban villas, highway side retreats,
> That dread the' encroachment of our growing streets,
> Tight boxes neatly sash'd, and in a blaze
> With all a July sun's collected rays,
> Delight the citizen, who gasping there,
> Breathes clouds of dust, and calls it country air.
> O sweet retirement! who would balk the thought,
> That could afford retirement, or could not?
> 'Tis such an easy walk, so smooth and strait,
> The second mile-stone fronts the garden gate;
> A step if fair, and if a shower approach
> You find safe shelter in the next stage-coach.
> There, prison'd in a parlour snug and small,
> Like bottled wasps upon a southern wall,
> The man of business and his friends compress'd
> Forget their labours, and yet find no rest;
> But still 'tis rural — trees are to be seen
> From every window, and the fields are green;
> Ducks paddle in the pond before the door,
> And what could a remoter scene show more?'

"I am afraid," said old Mr. Goddard, as I ceased, "Frank's lack of response to your sentiments is at all events the result of changed views. He may admire nature as much as ever, but I fear he does not adore the God of nature as in former years. He has not, indeed, uttered any thing that would confirm my fears; but, on

the other hand, he exhibits a general reluctance to talk upon serious subjects, which you know was not his usual wont before he went to London. I was half afraid London would not improve his character. But it gives me pleasure to find you in each other's company again, and I trust that you, my young friend, will never discard him, if you can consistently retain him in your friendship. Things are not so bad, I hope, at present, that you must no longer keep company with each other."

I assured my friend, Mr. Goddard, that my friendship for Frank was as strong as ever, and that it would not be a trifling matter that should separate us. Many seasons, however, did not pass before I felt that I could not consistently consider him as one of my chosen friends. Every time he visited his parents, we met several times, and every time we met I saw that he was going rapidly down the path of moral turpitude. After he had been in London about five years he lost his father, and in a short time his mother died likewise. The property was inherited by an elder brother, at whose table I was as welcome as I was to that of their parents. The elder brother was, indeed, a character which bore a strong resemblance to that of old Mr. Goddard, and he was therefore one with whom I was pleased to associate. With me he deplored the declension of Frank Goddard from the path of piety; but still he was always a welcome annual visitor to his roof. He trusted that he would see the error of his ways, and amend. But Frank Goddard not only learned to slight the ways of religion, but to

doubt whether man had any occasion to trouble his head about another world. All the while his parents were living he had studiously avoided making any remarks which could have led them to have believed that he had departed from the faith. Respect to their feelings caused him to be dumb on religious subjects, and their impression was that he was only indifferent to religion. It was not long after their deaths, however, before Frank Goddard began openly to state his infidel views. Yes, Frank Goddard, who had been brought up in the path of piety, over whose spiritual welfare his parents had anxiously yearned, had become an infidel. He had become associated with a knot of "choice spirits," as they are often termed, who, in their revelry and mirth, had learned to despise all that was good and holy, and to contemn religion as priestcraft.

The day in which Frank Goddard first disclosed his infidel views will never be forgotten by me. We were sitting alone in his brother's parlour, and I embraced the opportunity of pressing him once more with a religious topic, in order, if possible, to obtain a knowledge of the present state of his mind. His brother had, in truth, left us alone together for this purpose, he not being able, as he had said to me privately, to discover what they now were; for, as before the death of his parents, he still preserved the most profound silence on the subject of religion in the heart of his family. The remarks I made to him were these:—"While sitting in this room, my dear friend, my mind always recurs to past scenes—to those happy days when your pious

and revered parents were living, to make all around them cheerful and happy. It must have been a great loss to all of you, when death laid his hand upon them; for even I, who am only an occasional visitor, miss their presence. But your loss was doubtless their gain; they have reaped, and are still reaping, the fruits of their habitual and active piety. It will be well for our souls if we follow their example."

"I am not quite sure that we have souls," said Frank Goddard, with a half-hesitating voice.

"Not quite sure that we have souls!" I reiterated; "not quite sure that we have souls! Have my ears deceived me? Was it the voice of Frank Goddard that uttered these words?"

"It was not the voice of Frank Goddard," he replied, reddening with anger, and pushing his card across the table.

"Oh, I see!" I resumed; "but I am not much mistaken: it was Frank Goddard once, but now Francis Goddard, Esquire. I beg your pardon; I was only addressing you as my once familiar and pious companion. But does Francis Goddard, Esquire, wish to prove himself to be, notwithstanding his self-importance, nothing better in the end than a beast that perishes? Does he wish to prove that though he is something now, he will be nothing hereafter? That would be strange indeed! Most men shudder at the bare idea of annihilation; they would not only live long in this world, but they would live for ever. But may I ask you on what grounds you doubt the soul's existence?"

"I am not singular in this respect," replied Frank Goddard. "Most of the ancient philosophers, though they taught the multitude there was an hereafter, nevertheless believed to the contrary."

"If you say this from your own reading of history," I rejoined, "then I must say you have either read it with a bias or superficially. The very reverse of this is the fact. The many taught the existence of the soul, and that honestly: the few taught it with a mental reservation. The immortality of the soul was, in truth, the leading feature of the religion of the Pagan world. It is to be met with in every part of their literature. Thus, in the Homeric poems, the shade or soul of Patroclus is represented as wandering about, out of Hades, until funereal rites had been performed over the body it had left, and is made to appear to Achilles as he slumbered on the sea-shore after the funeral feast, and to address him thus:—

'And sleeps Achilles—thus the phantom said—
Sleeps my Achilles, his Patroclus dead!
Living, I seemed his dearest tenderest care,
But now forgot I wander in the air.
Let my pale corpse the rites of burial know,
And give me entrance in the realms below;
Till then the spirit finds no resting place,
But here and there the' embodied spectres chase
The vagrant dead around the dark abode,
Forbid to cross the irremeable flood.
Now give thy hand: for to the further shore
When once we pass, the soul returns no more;
When once the last funereal flames ascend
No more shall meet Achilles and his friend.'

I grant you Pythagoras rejected a future state of rewards and punishments; but Ovid finely refutes him on the very principle of his own metempsychosis. He says:—

'Pleased as I am to walk along the sphere
Of shining stars, and travel with the year;
To leave the heavy earth, and scale the height
Of Atlas who supports the heavy weight;
To look from upper light, and thence survey
Mistaken mortals wandering from the way,
And wanting wisdom; fearful for the state
Of future things, and trembling at their fate.
'Those I would teach, and by right reason bring
To think of death as but an idle thing.
Why thus affrighted at an empty name,
A dream of darkness and fictitious flame?
Vain themes of wit, which but in poems pass,
And fables of a world that never was!
What feels the body when the soul expires,
By time corrupted or consum'd by fires?
Nor dies the spirit, but new life repeats
In other forms and only changes seats.
'E'en I, who these mysterious truths declare
Was once Euphorbus in the Trojan war—
My name and lineage I remember well,
And how in fight by Sparta's king I fell.'

"If you had said that the philosophers of old were ignorant as to the real nature of the soul, and of its state in eternity, I would have granted it; but when you say that they generally doubted of its existence, then I answer, that it is a libel on their knowledge and principles. Cato's address to Plato, in his soliloquy, is applicable to the mass of Pagan sages:—

'It must be so. Plato, thou reasonest well!
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.'—ADDISON.

"But," I continued, "I do not take the ancient sages as my oracles in this matter: their testimony is valuable, but not indispensably requisite to the establishment of this truth. I rather place greater emphasis on the evidence of

my own senses: sleeping or waking, I feel that I have a never-dying soul. Above all, I confide in Revelation, by which I am taught that I have a soul, and that it will exist in bliss or woe throughout the ages of eternity. If I parted with this belief, I should part with all my hopes of happiness."

I paused for a reply, but Frank Goddard was silent. My reasoning, however, did not convince him that he was in error, or prevent him from avowing his sentiments. It was like the breaking of the ice with him, for from that time he became more bold in the promulgation of his views. In my presence, indeed, he never again ventured to bring them forward; but I have discovered from others, that whenever he could do so with any hope of success or impunity, he never threw away the opportunity. Such conduct as this was highly reprehensible, inasmuch as it might have unsettled the faith of weak Christians. A man should never bring forward in company any views which could either prove offensive to the feelings, or injurious to the principles, of those with whom he may associate. But Frank Goddard was in the end the loser by his infidelity. He lost caste: friend after friend gave up his company; and in a few years he confined himself to the "choice spirits" of London society who had led him astray. He is still living, and I trust that before he dies he may see the error of his ways: may learn to feel the truth of, and subscribe to, these sentiments of the poet Watts:—

"Flesh is the vilest and the least
Ingredient of our frame—
We're born to live above the beast
Or quit the manly name.

"Pleasures of sense we leave for boys —
Be shining dust the miser's food;
Let fancy feed on fame and noise,
Souls must pursue diviner joys
And seize the immortal good."

CHAP. V.

THOUGHTS ON MAN'S INNATE POWER OF IMPROVEMENT. — THE CHARACTER OF MATT NORDEN. —A SCENE AT THE COACH OFFICE. — MATT'S PURSUIT OF THE COACH. — HIS FATHER'S DESIGNS OF BRINGING HIM UP TO THE CHURCH FRUSTRATED BY HIS INACTIVITY. — THE CHARACTER OF A DUTIFUL SON DELINEATED. — MATT NORDEN LOCATED IN LONDON.—THE EFFECTS OF HIS INDOLENT HABITS.— BECOMES INSOLVENT. — ADVICE TO THE READER.

> "Call now to mind, what high capacious powers
> Lie folded up in man; how far beyond
> The praise of mortals may the eternal growth
> Of Nature to perfection half divine
> Expand the blooming soul! What pity, then,
> Should sloth's unkindly fogs depress to earth
> Her tender blossom, choke the streams of life,
> And blast her spring! Far otherwise design'd
> Almighty wisdom!" — AKENSIDE.

It has been well said, that "well-being and happiness are not an inheritance of which we take possession at our birth, and which we are destined to enjoy at our ease." We enter upon life, in fact, destitute of every thing but simple existence, and all that we enjoy in our passage through life are acquisitions — they are the results and rewards of our own diligence and care, communicated by the diligence and care of others. And it is wonderful how rapidly man may acquire the acquisitions of diligence. Let any one devote himself to any art or science ever so much, he may still find leisure to make considerable progress in other acquirements. The greatest painter of his age, Leonardi da Vinci, was at the

same time no mean mathematician, musician, poet, and anatomist; and the pictures of Sir Joshua Reynolds are not so polished and classical as his discourses. The real labour of man, indeed, lies in a nut shell; let the mind but make one Herculean effort, and all the rest will be mechanical. Let youth climb the steep and narrow precipice of learning in one particular branch of study, and once gain its heights, and he will then find the way broad and easy, so that he may with ease drive several accomplishments abreast. But it too frequently happens in the pursuit of knowledge that youth sees "a lion in the way," and turns aside from the path which would inevitably lead him to honour. This maxim of the American philosopher, Franklin, is worthy of being inscribed in letters of gold over every domestic hearth:—"Resolve to perform what you ought: perform without fail what you resolve."

Had my old friend, Matthew Norden, acted upon this maxim from his youth upwards, he would have escaped many of the ills of this life. The cane of his schoolmaster would not have been so often called into action as it was, and when advanced to manhood he would not have met with the many disappointments and anxieties which have embittered his life.

Matt Norden, as I used familiarly to term him, was the son of a rich old farmer, who had, for a series of years, imitated the lark for early rising, and the bee for industry, by which means he had chiefly acquired his wealth. If example could have made Matt Norden industrious, then he would have become a worthy prototype of his

father. But Matt Norden did not see the utility of being active. And it is probable that his father's activity might have had the effect of lessening that of his son; he might have thought that his father's gold would support him as a gentleman through life, without any very extraordinary efforts of his own. Be this as it may, Matt proved one of the most indolent spirits I ever met with in the round of my acquaintances. He was so inert, indeed, that he could never be depended upon. If he promised to join me and others of his companions in a game at any particular hour, the game was sure to be half over at the least, before he made his appearance; and many a fine walk has he missed altogether, from being behind the appointed time of meeting. "Matt is not come again," we used to say to each other; "we must go without him, and leave him to follow if he pleases."

Many amusing instances recur to memory of Matt Norden's lack of punctuality. On one occasion he, myself, and others engaged to go by our village coach to see one of our companions, who had a few month's before left our village, and who sent us a general invitation to spend the day with him. William Doane was a great favourite of us all, and especially of Matt Norden's; and I thought, to be sure, that for once in his life he would be punctual. At the same time, I thought it as well to caution him. "Now recollect, Matt," I observed, "that Coachy is the soul of punctuality, and that if you are not at the inn in time, although you may have taken

your place and have paid your fare, he will surely drive away without you."

Matt replied, that he should certainly pay his fare, and that he would as certainly be in time. We were all assembled at the time appointed, however, except Matt Norden, and it was in vain that we looked after him in the direction of his father's residence. "Coachy," said one of my companions, "will certainly be here before him, and if he does we shall have no Matt Norden with us to-day." He had scarcely uttered these words, when "Coachy" made his appearance. The horses were changed in a minute, and there was yet no sign of Matt Norden's arrival. Now the reins are adjusted, and "Coachy" steps upon his box. "Be pleased to mount, gentlemen," he said, as he took his seat; "you are all here, I suppose."

"No, Coachy, we are not," I replied, "Matt Norden is not come; cannot you wait a minute or two? he will surely be here directly."

"Can't, indeed, sir," said Coachy, touching his hat; "time's up, and I must go."

"Only wait one minute, Coachy," we all vociferated; "Matt will be much disappointed if he misses the opportunity of going."

"Can't help that, gentlemen," Coachy exclaimed with an air of impatience; and again touching his hat—"Can't help that, gentlemen; he should have been here in time. Time and tide waits for no man, you know. Please to take your seats, gentlemen."

It was quite clear, that if we had not taken our seats, Coachy would have driven off without

any of us, so without any more entreaties we mounted, and smack went the whip. We were off; but we had not proceeded above twenty yards before Matt Norden was seen in the distance, running at the top of his speed to overtake us. "He is coming, Coachy," we vociferated at the top of our voices; "he is coming; pray stop one minute." We repeated our petition, full forty times, but the more we prayed Coachy to stop, the more he shook his head and smacked his whip; and the faster went his horses. Matt, also seemed to run faster still, as the coach receded from his view; but the more he ran, the further he was behind, and in a few minutes we were out of his sight. Matt lost this opportunity of seeing an old companion through his indolence. As we ceased calling to Coachy, I observed that he would pay dearly for his want of punctuality that day, inasmuch as he had set his heart on spending a day with William Doane.

To pay dearly for his want of punctuality was no new thing with Matt Norden. He did not go to school with me, but during our vacations I had an opportunity of ascertaining how he fared where he went, and it was by no means creditable to himself. Old Mr. Norden was desirous of bringing his son up to the church, and he fancied that his son had both the piety and the abilities requisite for the priestly office. And in this estimate of the character of his son perhaps he was not mistaken. Matt Norden was one of the most pious among my companions, and I do not recollect his ever having uttered a word in my hearing, or committed any action,

which detracted from his character as a Christian. His abilities, also, were unquestionably good; he only lacked one thing requisite to make him a shining character, and that was industry. His father was well aware of this sad feature in Matt's character, but still he thought he would improve in this respect, and therefore he resolved to spare no expense in order to promote his interests. One of the best schools of the day was selected for Matt's education, and his fond father flattered himself that his son would surely benefit by the instructions of his learned preceptor. His pleasing dreams, however, proved visionary. Not long after Matt had been thus favourably placed out, a letter from his master to Mr. Norden showed, that, however skilful the preceptor might be, it was of little avail unless his efforts were seconded by the industry of his scholar. These letters were repeated at different intervals during the whole of the time Matt was at school, so that old Mr. Norden finally despaired of ever seeing his son mount the rostrum. Matt's own lips, also, bore testimony to his lack of success in ascending the ladder of learning, for during his vacations he was ever pouring complaints in the ears of his father about the punishments he had to endure at school, because he could not con his lessons in time for his master. He seemed to have an instinctive dread of his preceptor, and often, when comparing the treatment which we received under our respective masters, did he wish that he could join me at Truth Hall. On no occasion, however, did I give him any hopes of being

treated better at Truth Hall than he was under his own master. I saw clearly that it was his own fault, and my constant advice to him was, "Be industrious and punctual, and then I have no doubt that you will escape punishment, and even gain the approbation of your preceptor." Matt, however, used frequently to solicit his father to let him go to Truth Hall: he was sure that he could learn there. But Mr. Norden turned a deaf ear to all his son's intreaties: he knew best at what school to place him, and he should not remove him. At first Mr. Norden negatived Matt's intreaties, perhaps, from a hope that his son would benefit most where he was, and from the feeling that "a rolling stone gathers no moss." But latterly he seems to have denied his request from a conviction that Matt would never learn his Latin and Greek anywhere. "I tell you what, Matt," he said one day in my hearing, after one of these petitions had been presented to him by his son, who intreated him with tears to let him go to Truth Hall,—"I tell you what, Matt, you will never learn anywhere. As your present master says, you have good abilites, but you will not use them. You have got into such a habit of delaying things, that, unless you alter, you will never succeed in any thing. What do you think I should have done, if I had acted as you are acting? Depend upon it, diligence and perseverance are necessary if you would wish to succeed in the world. A man may have even money; but if he has not these qualities as well, he may squander it away before he is aware. It is in-

dustry alone that will make a full purse for a man."

I have often thought that Matt Norden would have done much better, if, instead of soliciting his father to let him go to another school, he had resolved to please him by profiting to the utmost at the school where he was placed. It has been well said, that "he best bowls at the mark of his own contentment, who, besides the aim of his own eye, is directed by his father, who is to give him the ground." The good and dutiful son, indeed, is one who honours his parents by paying them the utmost deference and respect, by a filial affection for their persons, a tender regard for their happiness, a cheerful attention to their advice, and a constant obedience to their commands. As he becomes every day more sensible of his obligations to his parents, he grows every day more desirous of showing his gratitude to them. He employs, also, his childhood in the strictest attention to the education bestowed upon him, and his youth to the profession or business that he is designed for, so that he may, by his proficiency in each, both please and be an honour to his parents. Now I would not for a moment infer that Matt Norden was wanting in respect, love, or duty to his parents; but at the same time his habits often exhibited something like a want of these essential qualities in the character of a good son. I have been at his father's when he has been asked a dozen times to do a thing before he actually did it; and at these times I always felt pain for him, because I knew that it was not from any disobedient spirit that the

thing was not done at first, but simply from his habit of procrastination. Matt, I have no doubt, loved his parents with all his heart; but he had no sense of the value of minutes and hours. He seems to have thought that every thing he had to do might as well be done at an hour hence as at the present moment; and that the thing he had to do would be, or could be, done as well then as now. But this was a grand mistake on his part. There is nothing like the time present for the performance of our duties: if we delay them, they are generally ill done, or left altogether undone. We should take care of our minutes, and our hours would be sure to take care of themselves. Every man, indeed, who has obtained for himself a great and permanent reputation, has won and secured it by patient and persevering labour — by treating time not as waste land fit only for geese to feed upon, but as an estate, every corner of which is worthy of being cultivated. Depend upon it, if youth neglect time, time will neglect youth. The stream of time, it has been observed, is fraught with golden sand; but it flings to the idler nothing but its froth, and he falls "like the fat weed in Lethe's stream," without ever having flourished.

I regretted Matt Norden's indolent habits the more because I foresaw that if his character as a Christian did not suffer at first by it, it certainly would in the end. I occasionally reminded him of this, and he would promise to be more active; but, although he may have at these times exhibited signs of reformation, he invariably relapsed into his habitual indolence.

Energy of mind must, in fact, like strength of body, be acquired by exercise, and he who fails to exercise it must become habitually indolent.

My forebodings that Matt Norden's character would eventually suffer from his indolent habits, were too fully realized. Although old Mr. Norden was rich, yet having a numerous family, he could not leave any of them sufficient to live without some employment. When, therefore, he found that his son Matt's habitual indolence had prevented his making such progress in his classical studies as would secure him an entrance into the church, he began to consider to what profession or business he should devote him. A profession was, indeed, almost out of the question, for the youth who is not sufficiently educated for one profession can scarcely hope to succeed in any other. I happened to be present when Mr. Norden made up his mind on this subject, and when his mind was made up, like many other aged people, there was no hope of changing it. We were sitting round his hospitable table, when all on a sudden the old gentleman exclaimed, "Well, Matt, I have at length decided on the business to which you shall be brought up. It has cost me a good deal of anxious thought to find out what would be best for you, but I hope I have found it out at last. We will say no more about the church: in that matter, as you know, I am sadly disappointed. I should have been pleased to have seen you serving at the altar, but I must submit. Well, then, when I found that I had no hopes of seeing you there, I began to consider

what would be best for you. At one time I thought of training you up as a farmer, so that you might be able to take my farm after my head is laid in the dust. But upon second consideration, I thought this would not do for you. I thought to myself that you would never rise with the lark, and I pictured to myself the ground which I have by constant industry got into such beautiful order, all overrun with weeds. That thought, therefore, was dismissed from my mind; for if my farm should go to ruin from the indolence of a son, I almost fancy it would disturb me in my grave. It is a sad thing to be of an indolent disposition; depend upon it, Matt, it sadly mars the prospects of a youth. But I hope you will yet alter; and to this end I purpose sending you to London to learn a business, which, when you become master for yourself, will, if you are active, prove very lucrative. I send you to London in the hope that the activity which you will constantly see displayed before your eyes may incite you to action. Example, perhaps, may do more than precept; for I must say, that the latter has failed to have the effect I desired."

Matt Norden thanked his father for his kindness, and promised to be more active: he thought he should, if placed among others who were industrious. Matt, indeed, seemed highly delighted with the idea of being placed out in the midst of hurry and bustle, and he seemed to think that it was impossible for him to be otherwise than active in such a situation. But there are drones in every hive; and Matt Norden, not-

withstanding his promises and expectations, added to the number of the idlers in that large hive of human beings, London.

It was not long before I discovered that Matt Norden had not improved in his habits. On visiting old Mr. Norden, a few months after he had been located in London, the old gentleman told me with tears in his eyes, that a letter recently received from his master showed that he was still indolent as ever. "He is every thing he could wish besides," said Mr. Norden, "but he will not be as industrious as he ought." On several occasions Mr. Norden complained that Matt was still inactive, and he sometimes intimated his intention of not advancing his interests when he was "out of his time," unless he altered his behaviour in this respect. I was never afraid, however, that Matt would be unbefriended by his father at the most critical period of his life. I felt assured, indeed, that he would be provided with ample means for establishing a business. Nor was I disappointed. Matt had scarcely attained the age of manhood when Mr. Norden purchased his master's business for him, engaging all in the establishment to serve his son, in the hope that if he should yet prove indolent, they would not relax in their accustomed activity, and that the business might, therefore, go on as prosperously as before. Matt Norden was, in fact, placed in such a situation as might have caused him the envy of many a youth wishing to advance themselves in the world. With all his advantages, however, he never prospered. Time after time old Mr. Nor-

den had to advance him money in order to save his credit; business not succeeding so well as he could wish. It was easy to see what was the cause of all this. A mere glance into his counting-house told a tale not very creditable to him; and his own bewildered look confirmed that tale. I never stepped into that counting-house but what I found him embarrassed with the turmoil of business. Every thing, according to his own testimony, went wrong: promises were not fulfilled, and custom was daily falling off. On one occasion, I recollect, he threw all the blame on his men; he could not get them to work as they ought. I could not forbear asking him whether he thought some blame might not be attached to himself; and I reminded him of the morning when he ran so nimbly after the coach, while his old companions were receding from his sight. I added that I feared he was still inert as ever, and reminded him of the old, though somewhat vulgar adage, that "When the cat's away the mice will play." My old friend did not deny that he might still exhibit the failing he had exhibited in his youth; but he contended that this was no excuse for his men. They were always paid for their work, and they ought not to be idle. Matt, however, forgot that it is in the very nature of man to live without work, if possible; and it is to be feared that the want of principle is so prevalent that most people would live without it, if they could receive the same wages as though they did work, although it might be at another's expense.

A few years only had passed away when Matt

Norden received all that he had to expect from his father's stores. At that time old Mr. Norden died, and he with the rest of the family received his portion. I did not fail to remind him that now he ought at least to bestir himself, for if he did not now succeed, he would never have another opportunity. "Imitate," I said, "the example which your father set you, and you may yet be a prosperous and a happy man. I am the more convinced that you would be so, because I feel that you are in heart as pious as ever, and if you are industrious, depend upon it, God will bestow his blessing upon your endeavours." Matt promised to "turn over a new leaf" in good earnest, but the leaf on which he acted was the same page during his whole career of business. On visiting London, I never failed to enter his counting-house to see how things were going on, but it was not many months after this as I was in the act of raising my foot to the step of his door, my eye lighted upon these words in capital letters —THIS HOUSE TO LET. The tale is soon told. On enquiry I discovered that Matt Norden was insolvent; and when I heard it, I attributed the catastrophe to his inactivity. I regretted it on two grounds, because of the sufferings he might have to endure in being reduced from a state of comparative affluence to a state of poverty; but chiefly because he had brought a stain upon his character as a professing Christian. The character of Matt Norden was, I believe, and still remains to be, one of fervid piety; but he marred that piety, from his youth up to the period of

his insolvency, by his inactive habits, whereas his motto should have been—"Not slothful in business."

My young reader, if you would shun the rock on which Matt Norden foundered all his prospects in life, be active in all your pursuits. If at school, pursue your studies with diligence; and, if acquiring the knowledge of a profession or business, pursue it with all your might. If we read the lives of distinguished men in all ages of the world, and in any department, we find them invariably celebrated for the amount of labour they could perform. Demosthenes, Lord Bacon, Sir Isaac Newton, Franklin, Cecil, and others too numerous to mention, were all renowned as hard workers, rising early, and late taking rest that they might excel in their pursuits. Sir Jonah Barrington tells this pleasing tale:—"I recollect in Queen's County to have seen a Mr. Clerke, who had been a working carpenter, and when making a bench for the session justices at the court-house, was laughed at for taking particular pains in planing and smoothing the seat of it. He smilingly observed that he *did it to make it* easy for himself, as he was resolved he would never die till he had a right to sit thereupon; and he kept his word. He was an industrious man—honest, respectable, and kind-hearted. He succeeded in all his efforts to accumulate an independence: he did accumulate it, and uprightly. His character kept pace with the increase of his property, and he lived to sit as a magistrate on the bench that he shaved and

planed." I would have all my young friends act in the spirit of this carpenter, and, though they may not have all their hopes realised as he had, they will never fail to receive a high reward. The industrious are always known by their livery: it is always whole and wholesome.

CHAP. VI.

AN EASTERN TALE.— THE END OF FRIENDSHIP SHOULD BE CONSIDERED. — JOHN MORPHEW. — SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS PARENTS. — A LESSON ON CONTENTMENT. — IZAAK WALTON QUOTED. — THE CHARACTER OF JOHN MORPHEW. — DESPISED BY MATT NORDEN. — HIS CAUSE PLEADED BY MYSELF. — MY SUCCESS. — THE STORY OF MASTER EVERETT AND CHARLES MURPHY. — JOHN MORPHEW'S FRIENDSHIP INCREASED BY MY VINDICATION OF HIS CHARACTER. — JOHN MORPHEW GOES TO RESIDE IN LONDON. — HIS INDUSTRY REWARDED. — SENDS HIS FIRST REWARD TO HIS PARENTS. — HIS FILIAL PIETY. — BECOMES A PARTNER IN THE FIRM BY WHICH HE WAS EMPLOYED. — LIVES IN HONOUR AND AFFLUENCE. — THOMAS FULLER'S DESCRIPTION OF A TRUE GENTLEMAN APPLIED TO HIM.

"Brother, for so I call thee, not because
Thou wert my father's or my mother's son;
Not consanguinity, nor wedlock laws
Could such a kindred 'twixt us have begun:
We are not of one blood, nor yet name neither,
Nor sworn in brotherhood with ale-house quarts:
We never were so much as drunk together.
'Twas no such slight acquaintance join'd our hearts,
But a long knowledge with much trial did it,
(Which are to choose a friend the best directions;)
And though we lov'd both well at first, both hid it
Till 'twas discover'd by alike affections;
Since which thou hast o'erdone me far in showing
The office of a friend; do so and spare not;
Lo, here's a memorandum for what's owing;
But know, for all thy kind respect I care not,
Unless thou'lt show how I may service do thee,
Then will I swear I am beholding to thee."— WITHERS.

IT is related that a certain cham of Tartary, on going a progress with his nobles, was met by a dervise, who cried with a loud voice, "Whoever will give me a hundred pieces of gold, I will give him a piece of advice." The cham, on hearing this, ordered him the sum: upon which the dervise said, "Begin nothing of which thou hast not well considered the end." The cour-

tiers, upon hearing this simple sentence, smiled, and said sneeringly, "The dervise is well paid for his maxim." The cham, or king, however, was so well pleased with the answer, that he directed it should be written, in letters of gold, in several parts of his palace, and engraved on all his plate. Not long after, the king's surgeon was bribed to kill him with a poisoned lancet at the time he let him blood. One day, when the king's arm was bound, and the fatal lancet was in the surgeon's hand, he read on the bason,—"Begin nothing of which thou hast not well considered the end." He immediately started, and let the lancet fall out of his hand. The king observed his confusion, and inquired the reason, whereupon the surgeon fell prostrate before him, and confessed the whole affair. He was pardoned; but the conspirators suffered death. On his confession the king, turning to his courtiers, who had sneered at the advice of the dervise, remarked, "That counsel which has saved a king's life cannot be too highly prized."

Analogous to the advice of the dervise is this couplet of an English poet:—

> "Think well ere you resolve; weigh each event,
> Lest, when too late, in sorrow you repent."

It would, indeed, be well if mankind in general acted in the spirit of this advice. Youth, especially, would exhibit their wisdom if they began nothing of which they had not well considered the end; or, in other words, if they thought before they resolved, and weighed the

result of that which they undertook to perform. The maxim of the dervise is especially applicable to the important subject of friendship. This should never be commenced without serious consideration: the end of it should be kept in view: that is, whether it is likely to be beneficial or hurtful. For my own part, I must confess that I should have escaped much uneasiness in my early years had I acted upon some such maxim. I should not have had to have blushed for the follies of this companion, or mourned over the moral turpitude of others: in a word, I should have been spared the pang of being compelled to give up the company of those to whom I had attached myself, because our thoughts and pursuits were not in unison.

One friend, however, never caused me a moment's uneasiness — that friend was John Morphew.

John Morphew was born of humble yet respectable parents, who were near neighbours of my parents. Old Mr. Morphew had been engaged in trade, and had accumulated, by unceasing industry, a small competency — just enough "to keep the wolf from the door." He would, doubtless, have accumulated a larger income, but ill-health prevented his personal attention to business; and, like a careful parent, he considered it safest to retire with the little he had collected, than intrust his business to others and run the risk of losing it. It is true, from having a large family, he found enough to do to make "both ends meet," notwithstanding Mrs. Morphew was a careful housewife; but then he had what

is worth more than all the gold and silver in the wide world — a contented mind. No, no, my young reader, it is not in riches that true happiness consists: a contented mind is of more value than the far-famed wealth of Crœsus. I have often thought that old Mr. Morphew might have taken up this language of the poet Coleridge, with strict propriety: —

"Low was our pretty cot: our tallest rose
Peep'd at the chamber window. We could hear
At silent noon, and eve, and early morn,
The sea's faint murmurs. In the open air
Our myrtles blossom'd; and across the porch
Thick jasmines twin'd: the little landscape round
Was green and woody, and refresh'd the eye.
It was a spot which you might, haply, call
The valley of seclusion! Once I saw,
Hallowing his sabbath-day by quietness,
A wealthy son of commerce saunter by —
Bristowa's citizen: methought it calm'd
His thirst of idle gold, and made him muse
With wiser feelings; for he paus'd and look'd
With a pleas'd sadness, and gaz'd all around —
Then eyed our cottage, and gaz'd round again, —
And sigh'd, and said it was a blessed place,
And we were bless'd. Oft with a patient ear
Long listening to the viewless skylark's note
(Viewless, or haply for a moment seen
Gleaming on sunny wings), in whisper'd tones
I've said to my belov'd, 'Such, sweet girl!
The unobtrusive song of happiness,
Unearthly minstrelsy! then only heard
When the soul seeks to hear; when all is hush'd
And the heart listens.'"

True happiness, in truth, has no localities, no provincial tones, and no peculiar garb: she resides as often in the cottage, nay oftener, than in the mansion. Old Izaak Walton, in his "Angler," says: — "I sat down under a willow-tree by the water side, and considered what you had told me of the owner of that pleasant meadow, in which you then left me: that he had a plentiful estate, and not a heart to think

so: that he had at this time many lawsuits depending, and that they both damped his mirth, and took so much of his time and thoughts, that he had not leisure to take the sweet content that I, who pretend no title to them, took in his fields. For I could sit there quietly, and, looking in the water, see some fishes sport themselves on the silver streams, others leaping at flies of several shapes and colours: looking on the hills, I could behold them spotted with woods and groves: looking down the meadows, could here see a boy gathering lilies, there a girl cropping culverkeys and cowslips; all to make garlands suitable to this present month of May." Here was happiness, and just such happiness reigned in the cottage of old Mr. Morphew.

It was early in life that I became acquainted with John Morphew, and from that hour to this I have never had the slightest occasion to repent my choice of his friendship. On the contrary, it has been a constant source of pleasure.

"But little of the past will stay!
And quickly all will melt away!
All — but that freedom of the mind
Which hath been more than wealth to me —
Those friendships in my boyhood twin'd,
And kept till now unchangingly;
And that dear home, that saving ark,
Where Love's true light at last I've found
Cheering within when all grows dark,
And comfortless and stormy round."

It is true, John lived in humble circumstances, and was even despised by some of my other companions; but I never once thought of this. His manners were so agreeable and pleasing,

and his good sense and right moral conduct so palpable, that I became attached to him as though he had been born of the same parents. Nor would I ever see him slighted without defending him. I recollect, on one occasion, when some of my companions and myself had agreed to have an afternoon's ramble to "the beeches," at some considerable distance from our village, that I proposed John Morphew, who was not then present, should accompany us. This proposition was agreeable to one or two of my companions; but as soon as I had made it, I could see that there were others to whom it was any thing but agreeable. Matt Norden, indeed, plainly said that he thought we could do very well without him. I saw there was something which gave offence, and I therefore demanded to know *why* we could do without him? and whether we could not do as well or better with him?

As before related, Matt Norden was "intended" for the Church; and this, it appeared from his answer to my queries, had so elated him, that he was unwilling to associate with the son of a petty tradesman. Such was the burden of his reply, and, feeling the utmost scorn for such sentiments, I insisted that John Morphew should be asked to accompany us, and threatened, if he were not, that I would stop at home myself. "What," I continued, "if John Morphew is only the son of a petty tradesman? I will venture to say, that not one among us exhibits better manners, or higher morality, than he does. He may not be our equal in wealth, though none of us have the wealth of a Dives; but

this I will assert, that if he is not our equal in this respect, he is our equal, if not our superior, in all that tends to dignify the human character. The poet observes justly that

'Worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow.'

Let me ask you, Matt, if we possessed the highest hereditary nobility, of what value it would be if we were without merit? The actions of our ancestors could not possibly ennoble us: they could not prove any part of our commendation, especially if we wanted abilities to imitate them. As an old writer has observed, 'it is a sign that a man is very poor when he has nothing of his own to appear in, but is forced to patch up his figure with the relics of the dead, and to rifle tombstones and monuments for reputation.' Juvenal also gives this sage advice: — 'If you would have your pre-eminence admired in yourself, and not for your predecessor's worth, give some specimen of personal merit, that may signalise your character, more than those honours which we have always given to them from whom you derive your nobility.' For my own part I can only say, that if you all resolve to go without John Morphew, you may go without me. I scorn the idea of slighting him because he has not so much wealth in store for him as Matt Norden and the rest of us."

It was seldom that I carried matters with such a high hand among my companions. In fact, I think this may be considered a solitary instance of my dogmatism in early years; and I trust I

should not then have exhibited such a feeling, if there had not been some occasion for it. I saw that Matt Norden was inclined to sacrifice the happiness of one of the most worthy of our youthful companions at the shrine of his pride. I saw, also, that it was my duty to defend the character of John Morphew; the more so, because he was absent, and therefore unable to defend himself.

"Who seek a friend should come dispos'd
T' exhibit in full bloom disclos'd
The graces and the beauties
That form the character he seeks —
For 'tis a union that bespeaks
Reciprocated duties.

"Mutual attention is implied,
And equal truth on either side,
And constantly supported;
'Tis senseless arrogance t' accuse
Another of sinister views,
Our own as much distorted.

"But will sincerity suffice?
It is indeed above all price,
And must be made the basis;
But every virtue of the soul
Must constitute the charming whole,
All shining in their places." — COWPER.

Having declared my resolution not to go to "the beeches" without John Morphew was invited, it was put to the vote whether he should or should not go. All voted for his presence except Matt Norden, and he, evidently half ashamed of displaying his pride, seemed inclined to hold his hand up also. On gaining my point I resumed the subject thus: — "There is nothing like sincerity in friendship: a friend who does not show himself to be such at all times and seasons, — that is, who shows himself now warm

and now cold in his friendship,—begets my utmost contempt. It is better not to commence a friendship at all than to show yourself insincere, or swayed by the circumstances under which it is formed. I recollect at the latter part of "My School-boy Days," our excellent master, Mr. White, allowed myself and Charles Murphy, with one or two others, to ramble about occasionally at our pleasure. In our rambles Charles and myself managed to become acquainted with the son of Sir Marmaduke Evrett. Master Evrett was about the same age as ourselves, and when he was not engaged in taking lessons from the different masters who attended at Sir Marmaduke's, was allowed, like ourselves, to ramble abroad for his pleasure. It was in one of these rambles we became acquainted, and often did we meet in order to have a game or take a walk together. Master Evrett, indeed, seemed happy in our company, and often expressed the pleasure he felt at being with us in our rambles. He appeared both to Charles and myself to be sincere in his friendship, and had any one told us he was not, we should have defended his character from the imputation. It happened, however, that one day our views of the sincerity of Master Evrett were proved by ocular demonstration to be fallacious. When walking up "Mansion House Lane," Charles and myself caught sight of our dignified friend in the distance. He was then walking with two or three youths of about his own age, and who, I suppose, were visitors. No sooner had Charles Murphy caught sight of him, than, presuming upon his

oft-repeated expression of friendship, he set off at the top of his speed to overtake him. As was natural, I followed, and every now and then Charles shouted in order to attract Master Evrett's attention. I perceived that he looked back once, and rather wondered to see him turn his head and pursue his way without stopping. Charles afterwards told me that he saw this, but notwithstanding, on Charles went and I after him, and at length we reached the object of our pursuit. Charles had the start of me, and as soon as he reached Master Evrett he extended his hand to shake hands with him. Mine was ready to follow his example; but before I had an opportunity of extending it, poor Charles had met with a most mortifying repulse. Now that Master Evrett had some companions of his "own class," he did not know his old friend, Charles Murphy. He drew himself up with an air of indifference, and passed on without saying a word. I must say that I partook of Charles Murphy's embarrassment; but I was heartily glad that I was not the first on this occasion to hold out my hand. After recovering from our stupor, I observed, — "So, Charles, we are deceived."

"We are," replied Charles; "but, depend upon it, if I have an opportunity, I will repay Master Evrett in his own coin."

"He will hardly venture to give you the opportunity," I rejoined; "but if he does, and I am with you, I shall certainly second you in your intentions: —

> 'The friend I trust, if shy to me,
> *Shall* find me as reserved as he.'" — COWPER.

I don't know that I ever knew Charles Murphy feel any thing more than he did this slight of Master Evrett. 'He could not,' as he observed, 'get over it.' For several days he renewed the subject, always ending in wishing that he might have an opportunity of showing Master Evrett that 'he did not think so much of him as he thought of himself.' About a month elapsed before we saw any thing of him except at church; and as he rode in his father's carriage, and we as schoolboys walked, we had then no opportunity of coming into contact with him. At length, however, on walking up Mansion-house Lane again, we once more had the pleasure of meeting with Master Evrett. He was this time coming towards us; and to my surprise, when he saw us, he came almost as fast to meet us as we ran, on the occasion alluded to, to overtake him. Charles saw his opportunity, and rejoiced in it. "Now's the time, philosopher," he observed; "show yourself to be my friend."

Charles had scarcely uttered this sentence when Master Evrett approached us with hand extended, as though nothing had happened. Without taking any notice of him, however, both Charles and myself hastened past him; Charles slily asking me, loud enough for Master Evrett to hear, 'who that was who presumed to hold out his hand to us, as though he had been an old friend?' For myself, I met Master Evrett with a face so lengthened with gravity, that Charles frequently asserted afterwards I had acted my part well. "Your very face showed," he would

remark, "that you would not countenance any pretended friendship."

We often met Master Evrett afterwards, and though we respected our characters too well to insult him, we passed by him as though he had always been a stranger to us. Now, if Matt Norden, or any of us, slighted our excellent friend John Morphew, he might treat us very justly in the same manner as Charles Murphy and myself treated Master Evrett; and I have no doubt that we should feel more degraded under such circumstances than John Morphew himself would at our slight. For my own part, when Master Evrett turned his back upon Charles and myself, the only feeling I had for him was contempt. I remarked to Charles, indeed, that his friendship was not worth a thought, and that I had no doubt he would treat the companions he was then with just in the same manner as he had treated us, if, at any future day, they should become so much reduced in circumstances, as to make him consider them 'beneath him.' I added to all this, "Depend upon it, my friends, the verses I am about to repeat speak the language of experience:

'Where are now the friends who came
Round my board with eager eye?
Fortune shines no more the same,
Care is standing grimly by!
And I gaze on vacant places,
Where there should be smiling faces:—
Surely friendship cannot be
Scared at sight of poverty!
Lone and stricken, here I stand,
Desolation! 'neath my roof;
They who owe a helping hand
Calmly, coldly, stand aloof.
Like the timid field-bird fleeing
When a tatter'd garment seeing,

Craven-hearted friends will be
At the sight of poverty.
Friendship, thou art like that flower,
Sweet and fair to gaze upon,
Opening at bright morning's hour—
Closing with the setting sun;
And thy heart (as I have felt it)
Ice that needs a *sun* to melt it.
Fair, but false, thou wert to me
Ere I tasted poverty.'"

I have never regretted taking the part of my humble but worthy companion John Morphew. The event strengthened our friendship, for I discovered afterwards that John had been informed of it, and from that time he seemed to think more of me than ever. Every day, also, strengthened my friendship for him, and it has continued up to this hour. For many years our friendship has been under different circumstances to those under which it was commenced. As the common saying is, "The tables are turned." John Morphew is now the rich man, and many of his old companions, and especially Matt Norden, the humble citizen of the world. Had Matt's views of friendship been well founded, and had we carried them out, John Morphew might turn round upon us to some purpose; he might shut the door of his residence in our faces, as not being rich enough to enter; or, in other words, as not being sufficiently wealthy to be his friends.

The character of John Morphew has proved to be the very reverse of that of Matt Norden. It has been well said that,

"He who, despairing, in dull languor lies,
To glorious deeds will never, never rise;
Like a dull weed, he vegetates and dies."

These lines powerfully portray the character and the fate of poor Matt, but they have no reference to John Morphew. His character was one of energy and perseverance. His career has, in truth, been a practical illustration of the truth that my first schoolmaster uttered on my leaving his school, namely, "that honour and rewards are ever obtained by diligence."

I was visiting at old Mr. Morphew's one day, when his son was about sixteen years of age, when I discovered that he was about to leave my neighbourhood for London. Mr. Morphew had received a letter that morning from a mercantile house with which he used to have transactions, offering to take John into the counting-house. The old gentleman was evidently grieved at the idea of parting with his son, but he expressed a hope that he would occasionally be allowed to come and see him. "At the same time, John," he observed, "do not let my desire to see you interfere with your duties. It is of the utmost importance that you should be diligent in your undertaking. You must show the firm you are going to serve that you have their interests at heart as well as your own. All who have any intention of doing well for themselves must strive to do well for others. You may exhibit this feeling by a constant and patient perseverance in your duties. Be punctual at your post; be diligent when you are at it, and never leave it till you have performed all that is required of you. It is astonishing what may be done by perseverance. The pleasures of fortune, the fruits of industry, the acquirements

of learning, and the monuments of glory, are to be referred to perseverance. All the performances of human art, indeed, at which we look with praise and wonder, are instances of its resistless force. By it the quarry becomes a pyramid, and by it distant countries are united by canals and railways. If we compare the effects of a single stroke of the pickaxe, or of one impression of the spade, with the general design and last effect, we should be overwhelmed by a sense of their disproportion: yet these petty operations, incessantly continued, finally surmount the greatest difficulties: mountains are levelled, and oceans bounded by human industry. Whatever I may hear of you, John, I trust that I shall hear of your diligence."

Not many months elapsed before Mr. Morphew heard of John's diligence. Happening to call upon him one morning to inquire if he had heard any thing of my old companion, instead of replying to my question in a direct manner, he put into my hand this letter: —

"My dear Parents,

"It is with great satisfaction that I am enabled at length to make some small return for all your tender care of me in my infancy. I have ever borne my dear father's exhortations to diligence and perseverance in mind, and I trust have acted upon them to the utmost of my power. I have at least so acted as to gain the approbation of my employers. One of them called me into the parlour this day, and thus addressed me: 'I have great satisfaction, John, in stating, that

your diligence has gained my approbation, and that of my partners generally. We are highly pleased at your industry and perseverance, and present you with this note as a small token of our approbation.' He added, 'Depend upon it, if you continue as you have commenced, you will not go unrewarded.' I thanked Mr. Rumbold for his kindness, and having promised to serve the firm to the utmost of my power, I retired. I did not look at the amount of the note in the parlour, but I fully concluded that it was a present of five pounds. I thought this a large sum for a present; but, judge of my surprise when on opening it I found the word 'Twenty' written on it. Yes, my dear parents, it was a twenty-pound note that was given to me; and I send it to you that you may be enabled to purchase some of those comforts you denied yourselves for my sake when I was young. I hope I may be enabled to send you still more on a future day; it will be the greatest pleasure of my life to add to your comforts. Hoping that it will give you as much pleasure to receive this note as I have in sending it, I remain, my dear parents,

"Your affectionate Son,
"JOHN MORPHEW."

When Mr. Morphew perceived that I had read this letter, he asked, with evident pride, what I thought of its contents.

"It is just such a letter," I replied, "as I should have expected John would have written, so soon as it was put into his power to administer

to your comforts: and depend upon it this will not be the last time you will thus hear of John: the more he has it in his power, the more he will add to your comforts."

Many a time since the date of the first act of kindness shown to his parents did John Morphew add to their comforts. Year after year he was rewarded by his employers, and year after year did he offer to his parents the fruits of his industry. The language of his heart at all times seemed to be: —

> "Nature brought me in your debt,
> And still I owe you for your cares and fears;
> Your pains and charges I do not forget;
> Besides the interest of many years.
> What way is there to make requital for it?
> Much I shall leave unpaid, do what I can.
> Should I be then unthankful? I abhor it;
> The will may serve when pow'r wants in man."— WITHER.

For the last few years of their lives John Morphew's parents were enabled by his bounty to live in comparative affluence. During that time the firm had ceased to reward him annually for his diligence—they had taken him into partnership with them. He was, therefore, become a man of considerable importance and wealth, and was enabled to provide bountifully for his parents. Up to the hour of their deaths he was unceasing in his tender care for them, and when they died he paid the last tribute of respect to them in a way that did honour to his filial piety. I saw him drop the last tear over each of their graves, and never did I feel prouder of a friend than I did of John Morphew on those melancholy occasions. I felt that he had acted as a

son should act towards his parents—that he had "honoured his father and mother," and that a blessing from on high would rest upon his head. "Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." Such is the Divine promise, and it has been verified in the history of my friend John Morphew: he still lives, and is had in honour by all who have any knowledge of his character. I should not be surprised, indeed, one day to find that John Morphew was made "Lord Mayor of London." If he is, no one will congratulate him on his honours with greater sincerity than myself, for there is none of my youthful companions now living whom I hold in higher estimation.

Such was the friend whom poor Matt Norden wished myself and my companions to repudiate. Matt himself has seen his error, and confessed it: "he was more worthy of your friendship," he once observed to me, "than I was." Matt also saw the folly of seeking friends merely because they happened to possess money, or were born of noble ancestors. "Merit alone," he said to me on one occasion, "should be the test of friendship." It was the "merit" of John Morphew that endeared him to me in my youth, and which renders him still dear to me as well as to all his friends. Adopting the language of the quaint Fuller, in his description of "The True Gentleman," I may say with regard to John Morphew, "What if he cannot, with the Hevenninghams of Suffolk, count five-and-twenty knights of his family, or tell sixteen

knights successively with the Tilneys of Norfolk, or, with the Nauntons, show where their ancestors had seven hundred pounds a year before the Conquest, yet he hath endeavoured, by his own deserts, to ennoble himself. Thus valour makes him son to Cæsar; learning entitles him kinsman to Tully; and piety reports him nephew to godly Constantine."

CHAP. VII.

A FABLE. — THE STORY OF ALNASCHAR. — THE FABLE AND STORY OF UNIVERSAL APPLICATION. — A TALE FROM THEOCRITUS. — FRED SHERBOURNE. — THE CHARACTER OF HIS FATHER. — FRED'S EXPECTATIONS. — INTENDS TO LEAD THE LIFE OF A GENTLEMAN. — COMMENCES GENTLEMANSHIP. — THE OBJECT OF ENVY AMONG HIS COMPANIONS. — THE DEATH OF HIS FATHER. — HIS DISAPPOINTMENT. — RESOLVES TO LEAVE ROSE COTTAGE TO SEEK HIS FORTUNE. — MY PARTING ADVICE TO HIM. — BECOMES A BANKRUPT. — PLACED IN A COUNTING-HOUSE. — HIS REGRET. — LINES ON CONTENTMENT.

FABLE relates, that

"One evening, as a simple swain
His flock attended on the plain,
The shining bow he chanced to spy,
Which warns us when a shower is nigh.
With brightest rays it seem'd to glow;
Its distance eighty yards or so.
This bumpkin had it seems been told
The story of the cup of gold,
Which fame reports is to be found
Just where the rainbow meets the ground;
He therefore felt a sudden itch
To seize the goblet and be rich;
Hoping, yet hopes are oft but vain,
No more to toil through wind and rain,
But sit indulging by the fire,
'Midst ease and plenty, like a squire.
He mark'd the very spot of land
On which the rainbow seem'd to stand,
And stepping forwards at his leisure,
Expe ted to have found the treasure.
But as he moved, the colour'd ray
Still chang'd its place and slipp'd away,
As seeming his approach to shun.
From walking he began to run:
But all in vain, it still withdrew
As nimbly as he could pursue.
At last, through many a bog and lake,
Rough, craggy road, and thorny brake,
It led the easy fool, till night
Approach'd, then vanish'd in his sight,
And left him to compute his gains,
With naught but labour for his pains." — WILKIE.

In eastern story there is also this tale, whereby men may be warned from building castles in the air. Alnaschar, the story relates, was an idle fellow, who would not set his hand to any business during the lifetime of his father. When his father died he left him the value of one hundred drachmas in Persian money, and Alnaschar, in order to make the best of it, laid it out in glass and the finest earthenware. He piled these up in a large basket, and having made choice of a small shop, he placed the basket at his feet in expectation of customers. While waiting, he fell into an amusing train of thought, and was overheard by one of his neighbours to talk to himself thus: — "This basket cost me, at the wholesale merchant's, one hundred drachmas, which is all I have in the world. By selling it in retail I shall quickly make two hundred of it. These two hundred drachmas will in a little time rise to four hundred, which in time will amount to four thousand. Four thousand drachmas cannot fail of making eight thousand. As soon as by this means I am master of ten thousand, I will lay aside my trade as a glassman, and turn jeweller: I will deal in diamonds, pearls, and all sorts of rich stones. When I have got together as much wealth as I can desire, I will make a purchase of the finest house I can find, with land, slaves, eunuchs, and horses. I shall then begin to enjoy myself, and to make a figure in the world. I will not, however, stop there, but continue to traffic till I have heaped up one hundred thousand drachmas. When master of this sum I will set myself on

the footing of a prince, and will demand the daughter of the Grand Vizier in marriage, after having first represented to him the information which I have received of the beauty, wit, discretion, and other noble qualities which his daughter possesses. I will let him know at the same time that it is my intention to make him a present of a thousand pieces of gold on the marriage night. As soon as we are married I will buy my princess ten black eunuchs, the youngest and the finest that can be obtained for money. Afterwards I will visit my father-in-law with a great train and equipage, and when I am placed at his right hand I will give him the pieces of gold which I promised him, and afterwards, in order to surprise him, I will present him with another purse of the same value, saying, as I present it, 'Sir, you see I am a man of my word; I always give more than I promise.'" Alnaschar was absorbed in his vision, and his joy at the honours that awaited him were so great that he could not forbear leaping for happiness. Unfortunately, however, in his joyous leap, he struck his basket of brittle ware, which was the foundation of all his grandeur: its contents were broken into ten thousand pieces, and all his hopes vanished. The castles he had been building in the air were suddenly demolished by his own imprudence.

The simple swain in the fable is not the only one who has sought the cup of gold at the point where the rainbow meets the ground; nor is Alnaschar, the Persian, the only one who has indulged in visions of wealth, honour, and greatness.

The fable and the Eastern story are alike of universal application. In every age, and in every country, men are to be met with who dream of gold and glory. The Greek poet Theocritus, in his work entitled Idyllia, relates a beautiful tale exhibiting this passion of the human heart. He relates, that two old fishermen, Asphalion and his friend, had been sleeping "on the dry sea-weed," and that when they shook from their eyes

—— "The sleepy dews
They cheer'd their bosoms with an artless muse."

Their muse thus discoursed: —

"*Asphalion.* Sure, friend, they lie who say the summer light
Soon brings the day-spring, and curtails the night;
For I have seen this night full many a dream
Though yet far distant from the morning beam.
Have I forgot? In truth I am not wrong:
The tedious hours lag heavily along.

"*Friend.* How vain to blame the summer sun's delay!
The hours unvarying urge their destined way.
'Tis care that lengthens out the gloom more deep
At every tedious pause of broken sleep.

"*Asphalion.* Pray, hast thou learn'd, my friend, the happy art
A dream's mysterious meaning to impart?
To thee I would unfold my nightly care,
And as we share our fish, the vision share.
Come then, I tell thee, 'twas a charming sight,
And trust thy genius will interpret right.
He seems, my friend, the shrewdest judge of dreams
In whom the spirit of conjecture beams.
We've ample time: here sleepless on a bed
Of leaves, the billows gurgling round our shed,
What shall we do? Indeed the living light
In Prytaneum burns both day and night.

"*Friend.* Come, then, recite this vision to thy friend,
Whose ear shall ev'ry incident attend.

"*Asphalion.* When weary from our labours on the deep,
Last evening, I had clos'd my eyes in sleep
— My stomach was not full, for supping late
A sparing meal we hastily had ate; —
Methought upon a shelving rock I stood
And eyed the gambols of the scaly brood:
Let down as I was wont my baited hook,
And oft the glancing lure impatient shook.

Then one — in sleep we image what we wish,
Dogs dream of bones and fishermen of fish —
A huge one gorged the bait; and flouncing, dyed
With gushing crimson the transparent tide.
I stretch'd my arm, and, fill'd with anxious hope,
Loosen'd the line and gave him ample scope:
Yet, if my bending rod asunder snapp'd
Fear'd the strong animal was vainly trapp'd.
Debating, how I could contrive at all
To take so large a fish with hook so small,
At length I cried, 'Doth still thy vigour brave
My toils? as grasping him above the wave
He prick'd full sorely. Yet o'ercome at last,
He faintly struggled, and I held him fast.
But how amaz'd, when, all my labour o'er,
I saw a fish of gold upon the shore!
Fear crept through all my frame. 'Perchance,' thought I,
'It may be one of Neptune's favourite fry,
Or Amphitrite's treasure!' So I took,
And gently loos'd him from my faithful hook,
Lest from his glistening mouth a grain of gold
Might stick about the barb: and now, more bold,
With cords I drew him on the beach — and swore
'That I'd set foot in fishing boat no more;
But here, since gold would purchase every thing,
I'd live at home, at leisure, like a king.'
I straight awoke."

Asphalion concluded by expressing his fear of his oath, and, asking the advice of his friend, which he thus expresses: —

"Fear not, 'tis all a phantom of the brain:
Vain is thy fish of gold — thy oath is vain:
To realise thy hopes, be thine to take
The finny fry, not sleeping, but awake.
Go then — for fish more solid try the stream,
Nor die for hunger in a golden dream."

Tales of a similar description to this of Theocritus, may be met with in the literature of many countries, and such might even be related in most family and friendly circles. Among my youthful companions I myself numbered one of these dreamers of gold and glory — Fred Sherbourne.

Fred Sherbourne was the son of "a gentleman" who lived upon his property. And what was a great matter in Fred's consideration, he was the

only son, and only child of his parents. "I shall have all that they possess," he used to say, "and then it shall be seen who I am."

Mr. Sherbourne was a man who did not live in very high style. On the contrary, he was one of those who are rather inclined to live below than above their means: he was content with a humble dwelling, a humble equipage, a humble household, and, in one word, a humble every thing. Report said that his humble appearance was owing to his penuriousness — that he was hoarding up instead of spending his money. Many were the tales related of his great wealth, and the old gentleman, when some of his neighbours — more bold than good breeding would allow — hinted, as they did sometimes, that he could set up his carriage and four, never said a word to discourage the delusion. If he had done so, however, it would have been but of little use: the general opinion was that he was "rolling in gold," and few would have given credit to any assertion to the contrary, even if that assertion had fallen from his own lips. So universal was the belief, that old Mr. Sherbourne was worth a "mint of money," that he was called throughout the parish in which he resided, and in many parishes round it, "Plum Sherbourne."

It might have been expected that Fred Sherbourne, as he grew up towards the age of manhood, would have become acquainted with the real extent of his father's wealth. But this does not appear to have been the case; or if the old gentleman ever told him, then he, like the neighbours, would not believe the tale. He was quite

sure that his father was immensely rich, and would not he let the world know it when the riches hoarded up came into his possession? He would not live in a cottage, or drive an old horse in a crazy worn-out chaise: he would have his mansion, and his carriage; and it should be at least Frederick Sherbourne, Esquire, if not Sir Frederick Sherbourne.

Thus impressed with the idea of future wealth, Fred Sherbourne repudiated all thoughts of engaging in any business or profession. I recollect on one occasion, when myself and several of my companions had been relating to each other how our parents intended to place us out in the world, that the question was put to him, what his father intended to do with him? "Oh!" replied Fred, his face reddening with anger, "he will not do any thing with me. He wants me, indeed, to be a lawyer; but I have no occasion to trouble my head about the law, or about any thing else. I shall have sufficient to keep me in fine style: none of you will cut such a figure as I shall."

"You must recollect, Fred," I replied, "that riches are very unstable. Even if your father has the wealth report ascribes to him, it may, by some unforeseen event, slip through your fingers."

"Never fear," interrupted Fred, "never fear that, my fine fellow. When I once get it within this grasp" — Fred held forth his clenched hand to suit the action to the word — "trust me it will not be able to get through my fingers."

"You may think so," I rejoined; "but the *wise man has* said, that riches often make to

themselves wings, and fly away. Nay, you have only to look into yonder cottage for a proof of this. Old Herbert, who lives there, was once, as I have been informed by those who knew him, a man of great wealth, but he has scarcely now got a sixpence wherewith to help himself. Depend upon it, Fred, you would do well to follow the advice of your father, and become a lawyer. If your fortune should fail you, then you would have something to fall back upon; and if it should not, why, if you should roll in wealth, you will have no occasion to follow your profession. You remember the story of the basket-maker: he was more honoured by the savages among whom it was his lot to be cast than the fine gentleman who was the companion of his misfortunes. And why? Simply because he was useful, and the fine gentleman useless. In my opinion, it would be well if every gentleman were brought up to some trade or profession: if wealth should fail, then they could obtain an honest livelihood by their own industry, and avoid becoming dependent on the precarious charity of those who had known them in their days of prosperity."

Fred Sherbourne, however, still persisted that he had no occasion to trouble his head about any profession or business; and he intimated, that however his father might urge it, it would be vain. He was determined to be "the gentleman" so soon as he came into his property.

Long before Fred Sherbourne succeeded to his father's property he began to act "the gentleman." Among the whole of my companions,

there was not one who assumed such airs of consequence as he did. It was seen particularly in his dress. Up to the age of ten or twelve years the village tailor had been honoured with his father's orders, but after that time his clothes were made in the fashion. Fred, it appeared, had to struggle hard for a change of tailor. He wanted a new suit, and his father was willing to give his old village tailor the order, but Fred would rather go without clothes than not have them made in the fashion. The struggle lasted for some weeks, and then Fred triumphed; tailor Sparks, from a neighbouring town, was sent for, whose board set forth that he was from "Bond Street," and my companion appeared amongst us quite an altered figure. As for his hat, that had come direct from "Bond Street," being sent for expressly from that locality by tailor Sparks, who "obliged" his customers by dealing in that important article. Having begun to act the gentleman by his change in his tailor and hatter, Fred Sherbourne carried his views of gentlemanship further by having his boots and shoes from Bond Street: or at least from a tradesman in the neighbouring town, who, like tailor Sparks, professed to come from that avenue of fashion. In a few years Fred Sherbourne proceeded still farther. After another struggle with his parent he obtained a gold ring or two, which he displayed on his fingers, besides a gold-headed cane, which he sported every time he left his doors, although he might be only going over the way on a message to a neighbour. It really seemed as though "Plum Sherbourne's"

gold was at last coming from its hiding-place, in order to see the light of day. Fred's gold rings and gold-headed cane, indeed, had the effect of confirming all who saw them in the great wealth of his father. It was not every one who could afford to purchase such things for their sons, and there was no doubt old Mr. Sherbourne could buy many, many thousand gold rings, and many, many thousand gold-headed canes, for his son, if he thought proper. He possessed untold wealth.

With many of my youthful companions, after Fred Sherbourne began thus to display his gentlemanship, he became the object of envy. Often have I heard them wish that their parents were able to purchase such things for them, and that they had been born under such a lucky planet. On these occasions I never failed to show them the foolishness of their wishes, and to assure them that they had it in their power to be equally as happy as Fred Sherbourne. "For my own part," I would say, "he is rather the object of my pity than my envy. If he should have the money he expects is in store for him, I much question whether he will not squander a large portion of it away; and if he should not have it, depend upon it, he will feel grievously disappointed. In either case I pity him."

Time discloses all things. One morning, as I was walking down the village, the heavy tolling of the bell fell on my ears, and on inquiring who it was for, I was informed it was for old Mr. Sherbourne. My informant remarked that how-

ever wealthy he might have been, he could not arrest the arm of death. He added, "I dare say we shall now see some fine doings. Master Frederick will no doubt leave his cottage and take a fine mansion. The old gentleman's money will no doubt come forth from its hiding-place." I simply remarked in reply, that "Time discloses all things."

It was a few days after the death of old Mr. Sherbourne that time disclosed the fact of his not being so rich as he was reported to be. On calling upon my old companion Fred to condole with him on the loss of his parent, I perceived that there was sorrow on his brow for something more than for the loss of his parent. Indeed, when I uttered a few sentences of condolence on his loss, he scarcely seemed to notice them. No, no; that was not all that he sorrowed for. He probably felt the death of his parent, but he soon disclosed the secret that he had other cause for grief. Having expressed my hope that his expectations had been realised, Fred uttered a deep sigh, and replied that as to the matter of money, he could not say that they were: he expected to have had twenty times more than was left to him. Where his father's wealth was gone to, he could not say; but he certainly was not so rich as might have been expected, and as had been been reported.

In order to soothe the sorrows of my old friend, I suggested to him, that if he was not so rich as he had expected, there could be no doubt but sufficient was left him to enable him to live in

the same style, if not in a superior style, to his deceased parent.

"That may be," Fred interrupted; "but you, and all my companions, know how I intended to live when I came into my fortune. I dare say I shall be taunted by many of them, although I feel that you will not act thus towards me. However, I may yet show that I can live as I intended. Money, you know, gets money; and my mind is made up to leave this cottage and go to London, where I may use what I have to advantage. I am my own master now, at all events, and if there is any possibility of becoming rich, I will be so in a few years. You may yet see me drive through our village in a carriage, instead of the old chaise now in the stable."

It was in vain that I endeavoured to change Fred Sherbourne's views, and to press upon him the lesson of contentment. His mind was made up; he would employ the *few* thousands left him in getting more, so that he might live in the style he desired. In a few weeks, indeed, all the goods and chattels of Rose Cottage were disposed of by auction, and Fred took his departure for London. As he shook me by the hand for the last time, I ventured to whisper into his ear this advice: — "Whatever you embark in, Fred, be careful; if you do not act prudently, you may lose the wealth which God has bestowed upon you, instead of adding thereto."

Fred Sherbourne promised to act upon my advice. "Depend upon it," he said, "I will be careful; and you may rest assured of one day seeing me again as I wish to be seen." He pro-

mised to write to let me know how he succeeded, but week after week, and month after month passed away, and nothing was heard of him. I often thought of him, and wondered that he did not write. Sometimes I concluded that he was getting so wealthy that he had forgotten his old companions, and at others I would fancy that his expectations had again been disappointed, and that therefore he was ashamed to write. My old companions, who had mostly left the vicinity in which we had been brought up together, used frequently to inquire by letter whether I had seen or heard any thing of "Frederick Sherbourne, Esquire," and whether I had had "the honour of riding with him in his carriage and four." As for themselves, they informed me that they could hear nothing of him: he was too great a man to let them discover him. At length, however, one of them, who resided in London, wrote to me thus: —

"My dear Friend,

"On reading the list of bankrupts, the other day, I saw this announcement: 'Sherbourne, Frederick, Leadenhall Street, merchant, to surrender October 19th, November 23. Solicitor, Mr. Harper, Old Jewry; official assignee, Mr. Grant, Coleman Street.' 'Can this be my old companion, Fred Sherbourne?' I thought to myself; and on conceiving the thought that it might be him, I immediately sallied out with the view of ascertaining. And, would you believe it? I found that it was our old companion, and *that he has not* only spent all his money, but is

also so much in debt that his creditors will not receive, at the most, more than the eighth part of their dues. I am sorry for our old friend, though he did sometimes despise us when he was in the expectation of his great wealth, as he used to call it. As for you, I know you will commiserate him, and seek to find out the garret to which he may have retreated. I cannot go so far as this, but if you should call upon me at any time for something to assist him, you will find both my heart and my pocket open.

"I am, my dear Friend,

"Yours faithfully,

"ARTHUR WARREN."

"And so my worst fears are realised in reference to Fred Sherbourne's riches," I ejaculated, as I laid down this letter. "He had better have been bred up to the profession his parent desired, for then he might yet possibly recover his reputation. As it is, I fear it is gone for ever: few of his old companions could relieve him to any great extent, and if they could, it would scarcely be wise. If he has run through thousands, it would not be very difficult for him to get rid of a few hundreds more. All that can be done is to assist him to some light employment, which he may be capable of undertaking; but this, I fear, will ill accord with his former notions. He may even despise such assistance."

Fred Sherbourne's pride, however, was humbled. One of his old companions, on being written to, obtained him a situation in a counting-house, where he now labours for a livelihood,

and which he accepted with thankfulness. Often has he expressed his regret that he had not been contented with his lot, for then he might have lived free from all anxiety and care. It appears, indeed, that Fred Sherbourne might have been an independent man, in the true sense of the word, had he been disposed to have lived on the means left him by his father. Ambition was his bane: he desired wealth, and he grasped poverty. Well had it been for him, if he would have adopted these sentiments of the poet:—

"My mind to me a kingdom is;
Such perfect joy therein I find,
As far exceeds all earthly bliss,
That God or Nature hath assign'd.
Though much I want that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

"Content I live; this is my stay;
I seek no more than may suffice:
I press to bear no haughty sway;
Look, what I lack my mind supplies.
Lo! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

"I see how plenty surfeits oft,
And hasty climbers soonest fall;
I see that such as sit aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all;
These get with toil, and keep with fear;
Such cares my mind could never bear.

"No princely pomp, nor wealthy store,
No force to win a victory,
No wily wit to salve a sore,
No shape to win a lover's eye.
For none of these I yield as thrall;
For why? my mind despiseth all."—DYER.

CHAP. VIII.

THE REFLECTING BOY: LINES FROM WORDSWORTH. — FRED SHERBOURNE'S CONJECTURES. — ALFRED ROWLAND. — HIS CHARACTER VINDICATED BY MYSELF. — A GAME OF CRICKET. — ALFRED'S ARRIVAL ON THE CRICKET GROUND. — HIS PLEA FOR HIS LATE APPEARANCE. — DISCOURSES ON THE WONDERS OF CREATION. — FRED SHERBOURNE'S INTERRUPTION. — ALFRED'S REJOINDER. — ALFRED'S EXAMPLE FOLLOWED BY MYSELF. — OUR SOLITARY RAMBLES. — JOINED OCCASIONALLY BY OUR COMPANIONS. — FRED SHERBOURNE'S CONFESSION OF INFERIORITY. — ALFRED'S REPUTATION. — LINES ON THE BEAUTIES OF THE MIND. — THE ATTAINMENT OF KNOWLEDGE URGED. — THE HAPPY WARRIOR: LINES FROM WORDSWORTH.

"He had received
A precious gift; for as he grew in years,
With these impressions would he still compare
All his remembrances, thoughts, shapes, and forms;
And being still unsatisfied with aught
Of dimmer character, he thence attain'd
An active power to fasten images
Upon his brain; and on their pictured lines
Intensely brooded, ev'n till they acquired
The liveliness of dreams. Nor did he fail
While yet a child, with a child's eagerness
Incessantly to turn his ear and eye
On all things which the moving seasons brought
To feed such appetite — nor this alone
Appeased his yearning: in the after day
Of boyhood, many an hour in caves forlorn,
And mid the hollow depths of naked crags
He sate; and ev'n in their fixed lineaments,
Or from the power of a peculiar eye,
Or by creative feeling overborne,
Or by predominance of thought oppress'd,
Ev'n in their fixed and steady lineaments,
He traced an ebbing and a flowing mind,
Expression ever varying." WORDSWORTH.

"MOST likely he is gone to watch the setting of the sun," said Fred Sherbourne, as he twirled his gold-headed cane in the faces of his companions. "Most likely he is gone to watch the setting of the sun. Or it may be," he added, as

he gave his gold-headed cane another twirl, "that he is insect-hunting. He may even be standing over a frog leaping in the pathway before him, with his hands lifted up in admiration of its wonderful structure. He is a singular being. For my own part, I cannot say that I like solitude. It is all very well to take a walk in the fields, but when I do this I like to have a companion with me. I cannot think what pleasure he can find in leading such a hermit-like life. He cannot possibly discover any thing new every evening, and yet he is always wonder-seeking. I pity him; and rather than wait any longer for him, I think we had all better take our coats off, and begin our game. If we do not do so pretty quickly, we shall, like him, only have come out this fine evening to watch the setting of the sun."

It was thus that Fred Sherbourne addressed myself and his companions as we were resting each on our cricket-bats, waiting for Alfred Rowland. As he ceased, the general opinion was, that we should wait a little longer before we commenced our game. He had had a pressing invitation to join us in "the lea;" and as he had not replied, it was most likely that he would come.

"He may come, and he may be coming," replied Fred Sherbourne; "but the question is, what time will he be here? It is a full mile from his house, and he will find so many wonders on his road, that I will venture to say he will, in pondering over them, forget our invitation; or, if *he does not forget* it, his cogitations will so

delay him that he will not reach the lea before it is time to draw our stumps. My opinion is, that if we want to have a game, we should forthwith commence, and let Alfred join in with us when he comes, *if* he comes in time."

As he said this, Fred Sherbourne laid his gold-headed cane on the grass, and began to prepare for action. His companions, however, still rested on their bats leisurely, hoping every moment to see Alfred appear. While thus at our ease I took occasion to eulogise Alfred's character. "After all," I observed, "I am not certain but that Alfred Rowland is in the right, and that we are all in the wrong. Well do I recollect the lesson which my dear old schoolmaster, Mr. White, gave his pupils, on the importance of seeking knowledge in our early years. Now this is exactly what Alfred Rowland is doing; and, whoever lives to see it, depend upon it he will be our superior in manhood. I do not mean to insinuate that any of you altogether neglect to seek knowledge; but then I believe that not one of us seeks it so earnestly as Alfred Rowland, and therefore we are not so likely to obtain it to the extent he will. And that the possession of knowledge is a desirable thing not one of you will deny. And how can it be obtained without it is ardently sought after? The wise man persuades youth to become familiar with wisdom in these words:—

'My son, keep my words,
And lay up my commandments with thee.
Keep my commandments, and live;
And my law as the apple of thine eye.

Bind them upon thy fingers,
Write them upon the table of thine heart.
Say unto Wisdom, Thou art my sister;
And call Understanding thy kinswoman.'—*Prov.* vii. 1—4.

"Solomon also thus speaks of the desirableness of wisdom for the blessedness it bringeth:—

'Now therefore hearken unto us, O ye children:
For blessed are they that keep my ways.
Hear instruction, and be wise,
And refuse it not.
Blessed is the man that heareth me,
Watching daily at my gates,
Waiting at the posts of my doors.
For whoso findeth me findeth life,
And shall obtain favour of the Lord.
But he that sinneth against me wrongeth his own soul:
All they that hate me love death.' *Prov.* viii. 32—36.

I must say," I added, "that I half envy Alfred Rowland for his studious habits: depend upon it one day he will make a greater noise in the world than all of us put together. Fred Sherbourne in his carriage and four will be nothing to him."

A hearty laugh at this hit on Fred Sherbourne's vanity went the round of my companions, and as they ceased, Alfred Rowland not yet having appeared, each one instinctively prepared for our game of double wicket. We played with ardour till we could no longer see where the ball went, and then we drew our stumps. In our ardour we had fairly forgotten Alfred Rowland; but on approaching the gateway of "the lea" we perceived him coming towards us. "Did I not tell you," said Fred Sherbourne, as he gave his gold-headed cane a most triumphant twirl; "did I not tell you that he would not make his appear*ance before our game* was finished?"

"It scarcely required an atom of sagacity to foresee that, Fred," I replied; "I have no doubt but Alfred has been better employed."

"Ask him," said Fred, nothing abashed at my doubt of his sagacity; "ask him how many insects he has pondered over this evening? And whether he discovered any thing new in them? Whether they had any thing but bodies, heads, wings, eyes, legs, and all the et-ceteras that usually make up an insect? If he has, then he will not have been a wonder seeking in vain."

"I shall ask him no impertinent question, Fred," I rejoined: "I shall meet him as a companion whose character I admire, and whose example I would imitate."

"Bless me," interrupted Fred, as he gave his gold-headed cane a jerk rather than a twirl; "I should not wonder if you became an insect hunter and admirer; or, in other words, a wonder seeker."

"I may," I replied laconically; and hastening forward grasped the hand of Alfred Rowland. "I am sorry, Alfred," I remarked, "that you did not join us this evening. As you did not reply to our invitation, we fully expected you, and were grieved to begin our game without you. We were all disappointed when we found that you did not come, and none more so than myself."

"I really beg pardon most sincerely," rejoined Alfred, "for not having reached you before. But, to tell you the truth, I have been loitering on the road, looking at the works of creation. I started full half an hour before the time I had

any occasion, in order to be at the lea at the hour named; but for all this, you see I have only reached you in time to walk home with you. But really you must excuse me: you know my habits. And, in truth, there is so much to admire in the works of creation, and so much to be daily discovered therein, that I almost wonder that I have reached you now. Shakespere has well said, that a contemplative mind finds—

> 'Tongues in trees—books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones—and good in ev'ry thing.'

Creation contains miracles of wonders; and I have been amazed this evening at the thought, that the variety of beautiful objects that passed before my eyes all spring from nothing. It is, indeed, wonderful to observe by what a gradual progress the world of life advances. Some living creatures are only raised just above dead matter, others have only the senses of feeling and taste, others can likewise hear, some may also smell and have sight, but most of them are a considerable time before they are complete in their senses; and when they are complete, some animals appear to have them in greater perfection than others. Instinct also varies much in animals: some have but little, while amongst others it rises till it becomes almost akin to reason. And how infinitely various are the features of the animal world. Really, when I ponder over the boundless variety of objects displayed in creation, I am lost in wonder and admiration. The whole universe may be con-

sidered as a museum of the natural works of God, and I pity those who pass them by unheeded."

"But surely," interrupted Fred Sherbourne, twirling his gold-headed cane, "surely, Alfred, you don't mean to say that you can discover any thing new in creation every time you walk across the fields. A butterfly, for instance, can be but a butterfly to-morrow, the same as it is to-day."

"It may be a butterfly only in name," rejoined Alfred Rowland; "but I look to more than the name of the insect. *I* look at the structure and the endless variety of colours which that insect presents to our view. The butterfly, Fred Sherbourne, is an object of wonder in the creation. You scarcely can find two alike; and in viewing the beauty of even the meanest among the tribe, I am at all times constrained to ask, with the poet Thomson,—

> 'Who can paint
> Like nature? Can imagination boast,
> Amid his gay creation, lines like these?
> And can he mix them with that matchless skill,
> And lay them on so delicately fine?'

"Hervey, in his Meditations, makes these sensible remarks:—'The beauties of creation are far beyond the refinements of art, the pageantry of theatres, the glitterings of assemblies, or the ornaments of palaces. If we properly inspect the stately volume of the creation, every leaf is a wide plain, every line a flowing brook, and every period as a lofty mountain. In the works of creation we

scarcely know which to admire most; their endless variety or their beautiful simplicity, and, above all, their perfect execution. All human performances the more they are scanned, the more imperfect they appear; but the works of nature have stood the test of the most minute investigation for near six thousand years, and appear more and more beautiful.' To me," continued Alfred, "creation is a perpetual feast; it is both cheering and delightful to meditate upon its wonders, and you will pardon me, my companions, when I say that I am never more happy than when I am thus employed. Creation affords a fund of pleasure to my imagination. And then how delightful it is sometimes to take a book, and, sitting on the moss-grown bank, to read it without distraction. These are the greatest pleasures of my life, and while I am pursuing what may appear a novel course to many of you, I have the satisfaction of feeling that I am preparing myself for usefulness in the world. I always keep this sentence in one of our old copy slips in mind: — 'Youth is the season for improvement.'"

Some of the sentiments uttered by Alfred Rowland contained a very quiet reproof to most of his old companions, but I do not think any one felt it more keenly than did Fred Sherbourne. As I glanced my eye towards him, I perceived that he was touched to the quick, and I have no doubt that, if he had been of a quarrelsome disposition, he would have picked a quarrel with Alfred for treading, if I may so express it, "so *hard upon his* toes." For myself, I resolved to

profit by it, and to follow Alfred's example more than I had ever done before. Hitherto, indeed, I had often accompanied Alfred in his solitary walks, but I now resolved to accompany him oftener. From that time, therefore, I became a close companion to Alfred Rowland. Evening after evening have we walked arm in arm far from the busy haunts of men, discoursing of the wonders of creation, and admiring the beauties it unfolded on every hand. Sometimes we would take our seats on the margin of the rippling stream, watching the fish as they glided along, or the various insects that were skimming on its surface. It was very rarely that we were interrupted in our employment; but occasionally our old companions would seek us out in our solitude, and compel us to join them in a ramble. "You are not going to occupy solitude alone always," they would say; "you shall have company sometimes, although you may not like it. If you do not come to us — we will come to you. And now," they would add jokingly, "what new wonder have you to point out to us this fine evening, Alfred? Surely you ought to show us some rare insect, or some rare blade of grass, or some rare specimen of a frog, or toad, or newt. Or perhaps you can bid us listen to some rare sound which we have not heard before. The cuckoo, perhaps, may have learnt another note since last spring, or the woodpigeon may have learnt to sing the song of the nightingale. It will be hard at all events if you cannot point out to us something new. You must recollect that you once said 'Nature was

your library;' you ought, therefore, to show us something that is rare and curious therein."

Alfred Rowland usually received this banter with a good-natured smile, and in a few minutes would very quietly point out something which our old companions themselves confessed that they had never dreamt of as existing. At the same time none of them ever showed an ardent disposition to follow in Alfred's track. It was not many years, indeed, before they felt their inferiority to Alfred, and were compelled to look up to him as pupils to their master. Even Fred Sherbourne confessed that Alfred had outstripped most, if not all of us, as regarded knowledge: "but then," he added, on one occasion, "I do not require it as he does. Being one among many children, he will be required to use his knowledge in order to obtain a livelihood; but I being the only child, shall live as a gentleman. And notwithstanding his knowledge, I much question, whether I shall not make the greatest noise in the world. A man who rides in his carriage with a 'Sir' preceding, or 'Esquire' following his name, will surely be thought more of than a man who walks along the by-paths of life, who creeps his way by the hedge-side, however full his head may be of knowledge."

"Those who live longest will see most, Fred," I rejoined; "but I have still no hesitation in saying, that Alfred Rowland will be the greatest man amongst us, whoever may live to see it. You may ride rough-shod over him in the matter of wealth, but you will only be known in your *neighbourhood*, while he, one day, I will venture

to assert, will be known for his talents and his learning to all the world."

Although I have no pretensions to the character of a prophet, yet my predictions concerning the fame of Alfred Rowland have proved true. He still walks along the by-paths of life, and creeps his way by the hedge-side, but he is known for his talents and his learning on both sides of the Atlantic. He has the high satisfaction of knowing that his activity in intellectual pursuits in early years has fitted him to become one of the noblest characters the world can produce — AN INSTRUCTOR OF MANKIND.

" The rose, the sweetly blooming rose,
Ere from the tree it's torn,
Is like the charms which beauty shows
In life's exulting morn.

" But, oh ! how soon its sweets are gone !
How soon it withering lies !
So, when the eve of life comes on,
Sweet beauty fades and dies.

" Then since the fairest form that's made
Soon withering we shall find,
Let us possess what ne'er will fade —
The beauties of the mind." — Fox.

It was "the beauties of mind," that Alfred Rowland sought after in his youth, and having sought, found. Youth was his seed-time; he is now reaping his harvest, in which many of his fellow-creatures partake. His career affords a fine lesson to every one of my young readers to be careful to store up knowledge while they are yet young. They may not gain the reputation for learning and wisdom as Alfred Rowland has, but they may depend upon it they would fit themselves for being more useful in the world.

and would enjoy much happiness in after life if they followed his example. There is not a more pitiable sight in nature than to see a youth grow up heedless of knowledge. When the former part of life has been spent idly, and has been nothing but vanity, the latter part of it can prove nothing but vexation. There is not, indeed, a greater inlet to misery and vice of all kinds, than the not knowing how to pass our vacant hours. By acting as Alfred Rowland did, youth would know what to do with every minute, and the habit of mental activity would become so permanent as to afford a fund of delight in age. But if knowledge is neglected in youth, it will be in vain to seek it in after years. The seed time will then be passed: the enterprising and spirited ardour of youth being over without having been applied to this noble purpose for which it was given, all ambition of excelling upon generous and laudable schemes will stagnate. If some poor expedient is not resorted to in order to deceive time, the length of a day will appear the length of a week, from a lack of enjoyment. No, no, my young friends, there is no time like that of youth for storing up knowledge. Then is the time to gather in your stores for the winter of old age. My advice is, therefore, that you should strive, by all the means in your power, to obtain knowledge. Seek it in the works of creation — seek it in books — seek it in society — seek it everywhere. It may be found on every hand if sought after, and if sought after in a right spirit depend upon it will *be found.* Solomon represents Wisdom and

Knowledge as having built a house, and prepared a feast for all who chose to be entertained. He says: —

"Wisdom hath builded her house,
She hath hewn out her seven pillars;
She hath killed her beasts;
She hath mingled her wine; she hath also furnished her table.
She hath sent forth her maidens:
She crieth upon the highest places of the city,
Whoso is simple, let him turn in hither:
As for him that wanteth understanding, she saith to him,
Come, eat of my bread,
And drink of the wine which I have mingled.
Forsake the foolish, and live;
And go in the way of understanding." — *Prov.* ix. 1—6.

This passage from the wise man affords great encouragement to the young to seek knowledge. If they will only seek, if they only want understanding, they may have it.

"Who is the happy warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?
It is the generous spirit, who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleas'd his childish thought.
Whose high endeavours are an inward light,
That makes the path before him always bright;
Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn:
Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
But makes his moral being his prime care ——

* * * * *

It is the man, who, lifted high,
Conspicuous object in a nation's eye,
Or left unthought of in obscurity,
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse to his wish or not,
Plays in the many games of life that one
Where what he most doth value may be won;
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray;
Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
Looks forward persevering to the last,
From well to better daily, self-surpass'd;
Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
For ever, and to noble deeds give birth —

Or he must go to dust without his fame,
And leave a dead, unprofitable name—
Finds comfort in himself, and in his cause;
And while the moral mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause:
This is the happy warrior; this is he
Whom every man in arms should wish to be.'

WORDSWORTH.

THE END.

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